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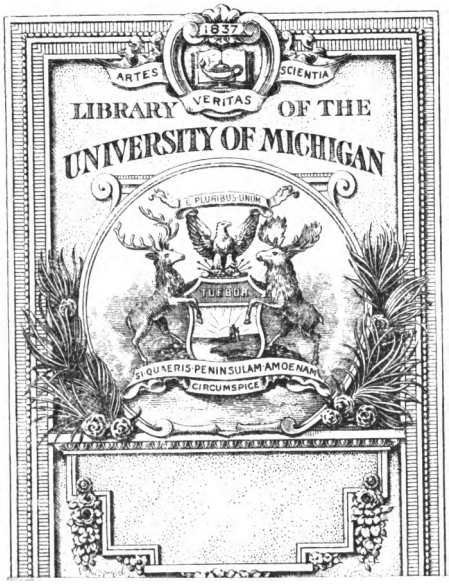

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CHEVALIER BAYARD.

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THE

RIGHT JOYOUS AND PLEASANT HISTORY

OF THE

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FEATS, GESTS, AND PROWESSES

OF THE

CHEVALIER BAYARD,

THE GOOD KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

BY THE LOYAL SERVANT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
MDCCCXXV.

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PREFACE.

Pierre Terrail or du Terrail, known by the name of Bayard, and surnamed *Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, was born in 1476, at the Castle of Bayard in Dauphiny. The pedigree of the Lords of Terrail is not presented to the reader, as their House is no longer in existence: suffice it to say that it was allied to all that was great and illustrious both in Dauphiny and in the neighbouring provinces. The reader who would be interested in further details, may consult the last editions of Moreri, or the genealogical table of the House of Terrail, inserted by the President Expilly in the Supplement to the History of Bayard.

The wounds which Aymon Terrail, father of the Chevalier, received in defending his country, obliged him to quit the service. He died in 1496,

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leaving, by his marriage with Helène Alleman, or des Allemans, four sons and four daughters.

Georges, the eldest, married Jeanne d'Arvillars, and had by her a daughter, who appointed her mother her general legatee. Pierre, Aymon's second son, is the subject of the present History. The third became Abbot of Josaphat, near Chartres, and the fourth was promoted to the Bishoprick of Glandèves.

Of the daughters two embraced the monastic state; another was married to Jacques Dupont, Lord of Aly in Savoy, and the youngest to Antoine de Théis, Lord of La Blayette.

Were not the Chevalier Bayard one of those extraordinary men of whom the annals of all nations furnish few examples, it would only be necessary to say that he was page to Louis de Luxembourg, Count of Ligny; that he was raised by that Lord to the rank of gendarm in his company; that Lewis XII. named him Captain of a thousand foot; that he was appointed Lieutenant General of Dauphiny; finally, that Francis I. made him a Knight of his Order of St. Michel, and gave him a company of an hundred of his ordinary men at arms: the enumeration of these different military degrees would doubtless suffice

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to honour the memory of a distinguished soldier, but it is not enough for that of Bayard. An accomplished Knight at an epoch when chivalry was daily degenerating; born to be the ornament of any time or country in which he might have lived; esteemed, beloved, and feared by nations hostile to France; qualified in all respects to command armies, yet having always served under others without betraying either spleen or jealousy; constantly advised with by the ablest generals; in councils winning every one to his opinion, because he was neither presumptuous nor severe; cheerfully undertaking the most hazardous expeditions, though he knew that his chiefs would enjoy all the credit of them; never seeking any thing but the good of the state;——such was Bayard. His mind was early imbued with the principles of a morality as sane as it was profoundly reflective. A Gentleman asked him, "What goods ought the noble man to leave to his children?" "Those which fear neither rain, nor storm, nor the power of man, nor human justice," replied Bayard; "wisdom and virtue."

He often repeated that "the best Lordship a Gentleman can have is to be connected with virtuous persons. The greatest misfortune for a

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Lord," added he, "is to be surrounded by vicious and ignorant men, seeing that there is nothing so dangerous as boldness and power accompanied by lack of knowledge."

In an age when the amusements of the nobility presented the rough image of war, Bayard, proud to be the *defendant* of a sex he adored, appeared as formidable by his skill in those games which were graced by a respectful gallantry, as in the midst of the most bloody combats: the Lady whose colours he wore might repose her honour upon the loyalty of her Knight alone, by whom the laws of courtesy were obeyed with religious care. Modesty and innocence never implored his protection in vain: it may even be said that the prayers of weeping beauty were to him supreme commands. Wherever he saw virtue struggling with misfortune he deemed it an honour to stretch forth the hand of succour. Indigent nobility had the highest claim to his benefits; and it was not known till his death of what numbers of families he had been the support.

How often did he groan over the fate of those unhappy victims of the quarrels of sovereigns, who, peacefully employed in agriculture, and obtaining no share in the glory of a brilliant con-

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quest, are alone sacrificed in their possessions, and often in their honour, to the ambition and cupidity of an unjust and cruel soldier! After the campaign of 1521, he returned to Grenoble. The command of this town had been intrusted to him, and a pestilential disease made dreadful ravages there. The Knight without fear and without reproach thought it not enough that the poor, infected with the contagion, should receive medical aid at his expense; his beneficence would not lose sight of them till it was ascertained that they had regained health and strength sufficient to supply their necessities. So long as he was a gendarm all his companions had in him a brother and a friend; advanced to distinguished stations he became a father to them, and if ever he desired wealth it was but to share it with them. Intrepid in action, he never wanted presence of mind when it was needful either to foresee danger, or devise the means of escaping it. So well known were his modesty, his talents, his zeal for the public welfare, that men, his superiors in rank, or seniors in respect to the date of their services, deemed it no humiliation to fight under his orders.

Contemporary as he was with La Trémouille, Louis d'Ars, Chaumont d'Amboise, d'Aubigny,

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Chabannes, and many other celebrated officers, their reputations eclipsed not his. Most of them were at the head of armies: he never commanded in chief except at the defence of Mézières; he knew that by dint of solicitation only are men advanced at the courts of Princes, and his pride would never bend to the suppleness of intrigue. Yet *had* he solicited. Bayard would not have been refused. Kings, courtiers, ministers, all respected, because they knew how to appreciate him; but, satisfied with being useful to his master, he modestly hastened to place himself under the banners of the General that was pointed out to him, and such was the effect of his presence that it seemed to exalt the courage of the soldiers and the capacity of the General. So thought young Gaston de Foix, whom death snatched away covered with laurels at an age when others can only hope to gather them.

Let it not be forgotten that Bayard was one of those officers who, in the reign of Lewis XII., contributed to form a national infantry in France. It had previously been composed of none but foreigners; Bayard, who, like his sovereign, had calculated the advantages of this establishment,

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devoted himself to a kind of service which habit and prejudice militated against.

Never did the opinion that was entertained of his experience manifest itself more clearly than at the moment when his being shut up in Mézières became publicly known. No one then doubted of the preservation of that town. Among the Lords who flew to share the danger, it is proper to distinguish Anne de Montmorency, afterward Constable, and at that time Captain of a company of gendarms; "I account it an honour," said he, on presenting himself, "to serve under so great and so renowned a leader."

Bayard must questionless have been highly flattered when at Marignano he conferred the Order of Knighthood on Francis I. But that monarch testified the esteem with which he honoured him in a far more expressive manner when, on hearing the news of his death, he exclaimed: "Knight Bayard, what a loss shall I sustain in you!" This loss he learned to estimate still better in process of time. Oppressed with grief and disquietude during his captivity, he said to Montchenu, his head steward: "Had Bayard, who was valiant and experienced, been alive and near me my affairs would doubtless have taken a better turn:

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I should have listened to his counsels: Ah! I should not have been here now!"

Bayard's courage never forsook him. Mortally wounded in the retreat from Romagnano he would not suffer his companions to carry him away, as they were preparing to do: "having never turned his back to the enemy he was resolved not to begin now he was a-dying." Afterward, addressing himself to Jacques Jouffrey, Gentleman of S. Chef in Dauphiny, "Let me," said he, "be laid down at the foot of this tree, and place me so that I may have my face to the enemy."

Thus died Bayard, mourned by his friends, by the whole army, and by all France. Pass we now to his history.

The person who composed it is only known by the name of the Loyal Servant; and that he was Bayard's Secretary is all that can be ascertained concerning him. This history appeared in 1527, under the title of *La très-joyeuse and plaisante histoire, composée par le Loyal Serviteur, des faits, gestes, et prouesses du bon Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.* In 1616 Théodore Godefroy published an edition in quarto, with remarks and annotations. In 1650 a new one appeared at Grenoble, which the President de Boissieu,

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a descendant by the female line of the House of Terrail, published under the name of Louis Videl, Secretary of the Constable Lesdiguieres,

So celebrated a name as that of Bayard could not but inspire more than one writer with a desire of devoting their pens to his service. The physician Symphorien Champier, who boasted himself connected by his wife with the family of Terrail, published a Life of Bayard in 1525. The advocate Aymar wrote the History of this Captain in 1699; but these works, interlarded with romantic adventures, contain only a part of the actions of their hero. Two writers of the eighteenth century have also given us histories of Bayard; Lazare Bocquillot, who assumed the name of Prior of Lonval, and Guyard de Berville. There is no need to pronounce upon the merits of these works, but one observation may be made which will extend to both: the libraries of France contain a number of ancient works which, spite of the defects of an obsolete style, of vicious constructions, and expressions proscribed by custom, possess a charm that the efforts of modern good taste can never compensate. Of this number is the present history of Bayard.

Ever lively, ever pleasant, ever equal, the Loyal

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Servant is so possessed with the spirit of his master, and has so naturally transcribed that original *naïveté* which characterized him, that at every page the reader sees Bayard, hears, and converses with him. The merit of this history, however, is sufficiently evidenced by the reputation it enjoys.* "I wish," said one of our old French moralists to his son, "the Life of Bayard to be the first history you read, and give me an account of. Try to imitate that hero as far as you are able. None but a good copy can be made of so wondrous an original. If you cannot attain to his valour, which is not to be rivalled, be faithful to your Prince, and courteous like him." "In the work of the Loyal Servant," remarks M. Gaillard in his History of Francis I., "the soul of the hero seems to contain all the virtues without any mixture of defects. One might believe, either that the author has been blinded by his zeal, or that he was desirous of presenting mankind with a chimerical and inimitable model, were not his account confirmed by that of all contemporary historians, Frenchmen or foreigners."

* Extract from the Testament, or Faithful Counsels of a good father to his children, by P. Fortin, Sieur de la Hoguette.

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The Translation now offered to the public has been made from Godefroy's Edition; the Preface and Notes are taken from that of 1786, in the General Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

How the Lord of Bayard, father of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, wished to learn from his children of what profession they would be.

In the country of Dauphiny, which the King of France at present possesses, as his predecessors have done for seven or eight score years, since Humbert, the last Dauphin, made it over to them by way of gift, are many good and great Houses of Gentlemen, whence such a number of noble and virtuous Knights have issued that their fame is spread throughout all Christendom. Insomuch that, as scarlet is the most excellent of all hues of

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cloth, without disparaging the nobility of other lands, the Dauphinese have been called, by all who had any knowledge of them, *the Scarlet* of the Gentlemen of France. Among which Houses is that of Bayard, of ancient and noble extraction, as by those who have come of it hath been clearly demonstrated. For at the battle of Poictiers the great great grandfather of the good Knight without fear and without reproach died at the feet of King John of France. At the battle of Cressy his great grandfather was slain. At the battle of Montlehery his grandfather remained on the field with six mortal wounds, beside others: and at that of Guineguaste his father was so badly wounded, that he could never after leave his own house, where he died full eighty years of age. A few days before his decease, considering that, by nature, which already began to fail in him, he could make no long sojourning in this mortal state, he called four children that he had, into the presence of his wife, a very godly and devout Lady, sister to the Bishop of Grenoble, of the house of the *Allemans*. His children having appeared before him, he asked the eldest, who was about eighteen or twenty years old, what he wished to be. He replied, that his desire was never to leave the house, but to serve

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him at the end of his days. "Very well, George," said the father, "since thou lovest the house, thou shalt stay here to fight the bears." The second, which was the good Knight without fear and without reproach, a lad about thirteen years of age or little more, blithe as a lark, and of a laughing countenance, being asked what calling he should prefer, replied, as though he were fifty years old: "My Lord and father, although filial piety maketh it a bounden duty in me to forego all things for the sake of serving you at the end of your life, nevertheless, so deeply graven in my heart are the good discourses which you daily hold respecting the noble men of times past, especially those of our House, that I am resolved, if it be your pleasure, to embrace that profession which you and your predecessors have been of, the profession of arms; for this is the thing which I most affect, and I hope, with the grace of God, to do you no dishonour." Then the good old man replied weeping; "My child, God grant that it may be so! In countenance and figure thou already resemblest thy grandfather, who was in his time one of the best Knights in Christendom. I will therefore take care to put thee in a way of obtaining thy desire." Of the third he inquired

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what way of life he chose to enter upon, who replied, that he inclined to that of his uncle, the Lord of Esnay, an abbey near Lyons. His father gave him leave to follow his inclination, and sent him by a kinsman of his to his said uncle, who made him a monk, and afterwards, by means of the good Knight his brother, he became Abbot of Josaphat in the suburbs of Chartres. The youngest replied in the same way, that he was desirous of being as his uncle, my Lord of Grenoble, to whom he was likewise given, and by him made Canon of Notre Dame; and afterwards, by the same means that his brother the monk became an Abbot, did he become Bishop of Glandesve in Provence. Now let us leave the other three brothers, and return to the history of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, and of the way in which his father managed his affair.

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CHAPTER II.

How the father of the good Knight without fear and without reproach sent for his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Grenoble, in order to confer with him, because he could not leave his own house.

After the discourse held by the father of the good Knight to his four children, by reason that he was no longer able to ride on horseback, he sent one of his servants the next day, to Grenoble, to request of the Bishop, his brother-in-law, that he would be pleased to transport himself to his house of Bayard, distant from the said Grenoble five or six leagues, he having some things to communicate to him: which the good Bishop, who was never in his life indisposed to do any one a pleasure, complied with right willingly. He departed therefore, immediately upon receipt of the letter, and came to spend the night at the house of Bayard, where he found his brother-in-law sitting in a chair near the fire, as people of his age are commonly wont to do. Having interchanged greetings, they passed

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that evening as pleasantly as possible in one another's company, and in that of divers Gentlemen who were assembled there. Then in due season they retired, each to his chamber, and took their repose till the next morning, when they got up, and heard mass chanted by the Bishop of Grenoble. For he said mass every day, and with right good will, unless he were prevented by sickness. Would to God that the prelates of these times were as good servants of the Lord, and as charitable to the poor, as he was in his day!

Divine service being ended, they washed their hands and sat down to table, where immediately every one made excellent cheer, and the good Knight waited upon them so discreetly and properly, that every one spoke well of him. At the end of the dinner, after grace had been said, the good old man, Lord of Bayard, began thus to address all the company. "My Lord, and you, Gentlemen, it is time to declare the occasion of my having you called hither: for you are my relations and friends, and I am, as you see, worn out with age, insomuch that it is scarce possible for me to live two years longer. God hath given me four sons, of each of whom I have inquired what way of life he wishes to pursue: among the rest my son

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Peter hath told me that he desires to embrace the profession of arms, whereby he hath given me exceeding pleasure. For he entirely resembles in his outward make, my late Lord and father your kinsman; and if in disposition he will also resemble him, it is impossible that he should not become a great and good man; which I believe every one of you, as my worthy friends and relations, would be heartily rejoiced at. It is necessary that I should place him at his outset in the House of some Prince or Lord, in order that he may learn to conduct himself properly, and when he is a little older he shall be instructed in the profession of arms. I therefore pray you, that you will all give me counsel, each in his turn, what House I may best stablish him in."

Then said one of the most ancient of the Gentlemen, "He must be sent to the King of France." Another observed that he would do very well in the House of Bourbon. And thus, from one to the other, there was none among them that delivered not his opinion. But the Bishop of Grenoble spoke, and said: "My brother, you know that a close friendship subsists between us and Charles, Duke of Savoy, and he reckons us of the number of his good servants. I believe that he

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will take him with pleasure for one of his pages. He is at Chamberry, near this place. If it seem good to you and to the company, I will take him thither to-morrow morning, after having put him in proper trim, and furnished him with a good little horse, which I got three or four days since of the Lord of Riage."

The proposal of the Bishop of Grenoble was approved by all the company, especially by the Lord of Bayard, who delivered to him his son, saying: "Here he is, my Lord; I pray God to speed you so well with him, that he may do you honour in his life."

Immediately thereupon the Bishop sent to the town to seek his tailor, whom he ordered to bring velvet, satin, and other necessary materials, wherewith to fit out the good Knight. He came and worked all night, so that next morning everything was ready. After having breakfasted, young Bayard mounted his horse, and presented himself to all the company, which were in the lower court of the castle, equipped just as if he were to be presented forthwith to the Duke of Savoy. The horse, feeling so light a burden on him, and being moreover pricked by the child with his spurs, made three or four leaps, whereat the company

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were afraid that he would do the boy a mischief. But while they were expecting to hear him cry out for help, he, with a noble heart, as bold as a lion, when he found the horse make such a stir under him, spurred him three or four times, and caused him to gallop within the said court; insomuch that he brought the animal under as well as if he had been thirty years old. It need not be asked whether the good old man were pleased; and smiling with joy he asked his son if he were not afraid: for he had left school hardly a fortnight. He answered with a steady countenance: "My Lord, I hope, with God's aid, before six years are over, to make either him or some other bestir himself in a more dangerous place. For here I am among friends, and I shall then be among the enemies of the master whom I shall serve." "Now come along," said the good Bishop of Grenoble, who was ready to depart: "dismount not, my nephew and friend, but take leave of all the company." Then the young child addressed his father with a joyful countenance, and said: "My Lord and father, I pray God to give you a happy and a long life, and me such grace that, ere He take you out of this world, you may hear good things of me." "My friend," said the father, "I pray Him for the

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same;" and then he gave him his blessing. Afterwards he went to take leave of all the Gentlemen who were there, one after another, and they were much pleased with his good countenance.

His mother, poor Lady! was in a tower of the castle, weeping tenderly; for, although she was delighted that her son was in the way of doing well, maternal love prompted her to shed tears. However, when they came to tell her, that if she wished to see her son, he was on horseback ready to depart, the good Gentlewoman went out by the back part of the tower, and making her son draw nigh unto her, addressed him in these words: "Peter, my friend, you are going into the service of a noble Prince; as much as a mother can command her child, do I command you three things, which, if you do, rest assured they will enable you to pass through this present life with honour. The first is, that above all things you love and serve God, without offending Him in any way, if it be possible to you. For it is He who gave us life, it is He who will save us, and without Him and His grace we should not have power to perform a single good work in this world. Recommend yourself to Him every morning and evening, and He will give you aid. The second

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is, that you be mild and courteous to all Gentlemen, casting away pride. Be humble and obliging to everybody. Be not a slanderer or a liar. Keep yourself temperate in regard to eating and drinking. Avoid envy—it is a mean vice. Be neither a flatterer nor a tale-bearer, for people of this description do not usually attain to any high degree of excellence. Be loyal in word and deed. Keep your promises. Succour poor widows and orphans, and God will reward you. The third is, that you be bountiful of the goods that God shall give you to the poor and needy; for to give for His honour's sake never made any man poor; and believe me, my child, the alms that you shall dispense will greatly profit both your body and soul. This is all that I have to charge you with. I believe that your father and I shall not live much longer: but God grant that whilst we do continue in life we may always receive a good account of you." Then the good Knight, though of such tender years, replied to her thus: "My Lady mother, I thank you with all humility possible for your good instructions, and with His favour into whose keeping you recommend me, I hope so well to follow them, that you shall be fully satisfied. And now, after having very humbly recommended

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myself to your good graces, I will take my leave of you."

Then the good Lady took out of her sleeve a little purse, containing only six crowns in gold, and one in small money, and gave it to her son. She also called one of the servants of her brother, the Bishop of Grenoble, and delivered to him a little scrip, in which was some linen for her son's use; with a request that, when he should be presented to my Lord of Savoy, he would pray the servant of the equerry, in whose charge he should be, to be pleased to look after him a little, until he grew older; and she entrusted him with two crowns for the same. Hereupon the Bishop of Grenoble took leave of all the company, and called his nephew, who thought himself in paradise while he was on the back of his good steed. So they took the direct road to Chamberry, where Duke Charles of Savoy was at that time residing.

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CHAPTER III.

How the Bishop of Grenoble presented his nephew the good Knight without fear and without reproach, to Charles, Duke of Savoy, who received him joyfully.

After leaving the castle of Bayard, which was on a Saturday, after breakfast, the Bishop of Grenoble pushed on till he arrived in the evening at Chamberry, where the clergy came to meet him; for that town hath belonged, from all antiquity, to the bishopric of Grenoble, which hath there its judge, and its court. He lodged with a considerable citizen. The Duke took up his abode in his own house, with a good number of Lords and Gentlemen, some of Savoy, some of Piedmont. That evening the Bishop of Grenoble remained in his lodging, without showing himself to the court; but the Duke was informed of his being in the town, which gave him great pleasure; forasmuch as this same Bishop was, if any may be so called in this world, one of the most holy and devout personages that was known. Next day, which was

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Sunday, he rose very early, and went to wait upon the Duke of Savoy, who received him with a smiling countenance, giving him to understand that his coming was very agreeable to him. They discoursed together all along the road from his residence to the church, where the Duke was going to hear mass, at which the Bishop officiated for him, as is fitting for such Princes, and offered him the gospel and the pax to kiss. When mass was ended, the Duke took him home with him to dinner, during which, the good Knight, his nephew, served him to drink in an orderly manner, and behaved himself very prettily. The Duke took notice of this by reason of the boy's youth, and accordingly asked the Bishop: "My Lord of Grenoble, who is this young child that gives you to drink?" "My Lord," replied the other, "he is a man of arms whom I am come to present you with, to enter your service, if you please: but he is not in the condition in which I am desirous of giving him to you: after dinner, if it be your pleasure, you shall see him." "Truly," said the Duke, who had already taken a liking to him, "he must be a strange man who would refuse such a present." Now the good Knight, already aware of his uncle's intention, did not entertain himself long

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with eating, but sent to the lodging to get his horse saddled, and, mounting it, after having put it in proper order, came ambling along to the court of the house of the Duke of Savoy, who had already come out of the hall, and leaned over a gallery. Seeing the young child enter, and make his horse curvet like a man of thirty, who had seen war all his life, he addressed the Bishop of Grenoble, and said: "I suppose this is your little favourite, who rides his horse so well." He replied: "My Lord, he is my nephew, and come of a good race, from which noble Knights have sprung. His father, who is so wasted with years and infirmities, as also with wounds received in wars and battles, that he is not able to wait upon you, commends himself very humbly to your good graces, and makes you a present of him." "In good faith," replied the Duke, "I accept him willingly; the present is a good and a handsome one, and God make him a brave man!" Then he commanded one of his equerries, in whom he placed most confidence, to take charge of the young Bayard, declaring, that he believed he would one day make a worthy man. Not long after this the Bishop of Grenoble, humbly thanking the Duke of Savoy, took his leave of him, in order to return to his own house,

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and the Duke abode at Chamberry for some time, till he took a resolution to go and see King Charles VIII. of France, who was in his city of Lyons, diverting himself with jousts, tournaments, and other pastimes.

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CHAPTER IV.

How the Duke of Savoy left Chamberry to go and see the King of France, Charles VIII., in his town of Lyons, and took with him the good Knight without fear and without reproach, then his page.

THE good Knight remained page with Duke Charles for the space of half a year, during which time, he gained the love of people of all degrees, as much as any child ever did. He was serviceable to the Lords and Ladies, even to a marvel. In all things there was no young page or Lord that could be compared with him. He leaped, wrestled, threw the bar, according to his size, and, among other things, rode a horse as well as it was possible: so that his good master conceived as great an affection for him as if he had been his own son.

One day as the Duke was thus at Chamberry, in the midst of feasts and rejoicings, he determined to go and see the King of France at Lyons, where he happened to be at that time among his Princes and Gentlemen, leading a jolly life, holding

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tilts and tourneys every day, and dancing in the evening with the Ladies of the place, who are very fair and graceful. And, to say the truth, this young King Charles was one of the best Princes, one of the most courteous, liberal, and charitable, that ever hath been seen or read of. He loved and feared God, and never swore, except *by the faith of my body*, or some such little oath. And it was a great pity that death should have taken him away so soon as at the age of eight-and-twenty years: for had he lived longer he would have achieved great things. The said King Charles knew how that the Duke of Savoy was coming to see him, and that he was already at La Verpilliere, and purposed sleeping at Lyons. So he sent to meet him a noble Prince of the House of Luxemburg, called the Lord of Ligny, with many other Gentlemen and archers of his guard, who found him two leagues, or thereabouts, from Lyons. The Duke and the Lord of Ligny welcomed one another cordially, for they were both very honourable personages. They had gone a long way discoursing together, when the Lord of Ligny cast his eye on the young Bayard upon his horse, which was trotting daintily, and showed him off to wonderful advantage. "So," said

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the Lord of Ligny to the Duke of Savoy: "my Lord, you have there a page who rides a mettled horse, and moreover he knows how to manage him deftly." "On my faith," said the Duke, "it is but half a year ago that the Bishop of Grenoble made me a present of him, when he had just left school; but I never saw a young lad of his age who carried himself more manfully, either on foot or on horseback; and he hath a very good air likewise. I can assure you, my Lord cousin, he is come of a race which hath produced spirited and bold Gentlemen, and I believe that he will take after them." So he said to the good Knight: "Put spurs to your horse, Bayard, make him gallop:" which the young child, who desired nothing better, did immediately, and at the end of the course he caused his steed, which was very spirited, to make three or four marvellous leaps, to the delight of all the company. "On my faith, my Lord," said the Lord of Ligny, "this is a young Gentleman who, in my opinion, will become a noble gallant if he lives; and I think you will do well to make a present of the page and of the horse to the King. He would be well pleased, because the horse is a very handsome and a good one, and the page, to my thinking, still better.

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"On my soul," said the Duke, "since you advise it, I will do it."

The young child, in order to arrive at preferment, could not have had a better school than the House of France, where honour hath made its abode at all times, and longer than in any other Prince's house. Thus they pursued their way in conversation till they entered Lyons, where the streets were full of people, and many Ladies were at the windows to see them pass; for, sooth to say, this Duke of Savoy was a very good and handsome Prince, and his mien clearly showed him to be of a great House. He dismounted that evening, which was on a Wednesday, at his own house, where he kept the Lord of Ligny, and another called my Lord of Avennes, (son of the Sire d'Albret, a brother of the then King of Navarre,) a very honourable and accomplished Lord, to supper with him, and many other Nobles and Gentlemen, during which a number of the King's minstrels and singers came to delight the company. That evening the Duke of Savoy did not leave his own house, but they played at several sports and pastimes, till wine and spices were brought in, which being partaken of, each retired to his own lodging till the morrow morning.

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CHAPTER V.

How the Duke of Savoy went to pay his respects to the King of France at his house, and of the good and honourable reception which was made him.

On Friday morning the Duke of Savoy got up, and after having put himself in order, wished to go and visit the king; but ere his departure there arrived at his house the above-mentioned Lords of Ligny and of Avennes, with the Marshal de Gié, who at that time enjoyed great credit in France; them he saluted, wishing them a good day. They then set out for the abode of the King, who was already going to mass in a convent of Cordeliers, constructed at the request of a devout monk, named brother Jean Bourgeois, at the end of one of the suburbs of Lyons called Veize: and upon it this young King had bestowed much property, as had also done his good and loyal spouse Anne, Duchess of Brittany. So the Duke of Savoy found the King preparing to leave his chamber, to whom he made such and so profound a reverence as was meet to so great and noble a Prince.

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But the good King, who was the very son of humility, embraced him, saying; "My cousin and friend, you are heartily welcome; I am right glad to see you, and on my soul you have done well; for if you had not come, I had intended to have visited you in your own country, where I might have caused you a great deal more damage." To which the good Duke replied: "My Lord, it would be difficult for you to cause me any damage, or what I should account so. The only regret that I should feel at your arrival in my country and yours would be that you would not be received as is suitable to so lofty and magnanimous a prince as yourself. But be well assured of this, that my heart, body, substance, and abilities, if God have gifted me with any, are as much at your disposal as those of the least of your subjects." Whereat the King, blushing a little, returned him thanks. So they mounted their mules, and went discoursing together all along the town to the convent of Cordeliers, where they heard mass devoutly. And when it came to the offering, the Duke of Savoy delivered to the King, as the Prince most to be honoured, the crown to offer to our Lord; a custom observed daily by the Kings of France. As soon as mass was over, they remounted their mules

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to return home, and the King made the Duke of Savoy stay and dine with him, and likewise the Lords of Ligny and of Avennes. During dinner much discourse was held, concerning dogs, birds, love, and arms; and among other things the Lord of Ligny said to the King: "Sire, I swear to you on my fay, that my Lord of Savoy hath a mind to give you a page who rides a spirited little steed as well as ever I saw a youth in my life; I believe he is not more than fourteen years old, but he manages his horse like a man of thirty. If you will be pleased to go and hear vespers at Esnay, you shall have some diversion with him." "By the faith of my body," said the King, "I am willing." Then he looked at the Duke of Savoy, and said to him: "Cousin, who gave you this proper page whom our cousin of Ligny speaks of?" To which the Duke answered: "My Lord, he is a subject of yours, and of a House of your country of Dauphiny, which hath sent forth gallant Gentlemen: his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, made me a present of him half a year ago; my Lord cousin hath seen him, and is much pleased with him; you shall view the page and the horse at your pleasure in the meadow of Esnay."

The good Knight was not then present, but the

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matter was soon related to him, and how the King wished to see him on his horse, and I think if he had gained the city of Lyons he would scarce have been so much delighted. He went immediately to the Duke of Savoy's head groom of the stable, called Pisou de Chenas, and said to him: "Friend groom, I understand that the King wants to see my horse after dinner, and myself thereon. Now, therefore, I pray you be kind enough to put him in order, and I will give you my short dagger with all my heart." The head groom, seeing the lad's good nature, said to him: "Bayard, my friend, keep your truncheon, I will none of it, but I thank you: only go comb and clean yourself, for your horse shall be put in order, and God give you this fortune, my friend, that the King of France may take you into favour; for thereby you may arrive at high preferment, and some time or other, by God's aid, you may become so great a Lord that I may find my account in it." "On my faith, master," said the good Knight, "I shall never forget the courtesy you have practised towards me since I have been of the household of my Lord, and, if God ever do bring me to preferment, you shall be made sensible of this." Immediately he went up into the chamber of his equerry, where he cleaned

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his clothes, combed and equipped himself as handsomely as he could, in expectation of receiving some tidings; which he waited not long for. In two or three hours the equerry of my Lord of Savoy, who was Bayard's governor, came to look after him, and found him all in readiness. So he said, quite sorrowful: "Bayard, my friend, I see very well that I shall not keep you long, for I understand that my Lord hath just now made a present of you to the King, who wishes to see you on your horse in the meadow of Esnay. I am not grieved at your advancement; but, on my faith, I feel great regret at parting with you." To this the young Bayard made answer: "My Lord equerry, God give me grace to continue in that virtuous course which you have pointed out to me since the hour that my Lord gave you charge of me. If it be in my power, by means of his grace, I will never bring reproach upon you by any deed of mine, and if I arrive at a situation wherein I can do you service, you shall know by proof how much I feel myself obliged to you."

After these words there was no more time to delay, for the hour approached. So the equerry mounted a horse, and made the good Knight mount his, which had been so well combed and

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accoutred that it was deficient in no respect: and they went to attend the King and his company in the meadow of Esnay, whither the King had gone by water on the Saone. As soon as ever he got out of the boat, he went to see the young Bayard upon the field on his horse, in company with his equerry. So he cried out to him: "Page, my friend, spur your horse:" which he did immediately, and to see how he acquitted himself, you would have thought he had been used to the matter all his life. At the end of the course he made him take three or four leaps, and then without saying a word returned at full gallop towards the King and stopped him quite short before him, causing his horse to curvet; insomuch that not only the King but all the company received singular pleasure thereby. Then the King began saying to my Lord of Savoy: "Cousin, it is impossible to ride a horse better;" and turning to the page, he said: "Spur him, spur him again." At these words the pages cried to him, "Spur, spur," *picquez, picquez:* so that for some time after he was surnamed *Picquet.* "Truly," said the King again to the Duke, "I see before my eyes what my cousin of Ligny told me at dinner; I will not wait for you to give me your page, and your horse,

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but I crave them of you." "My Lord," replied the Duke of Savoy, "the master is yours; well may the rest be so: God give the boy grace to do you some agreeable service." "By the faith of my body," said the King, "it is impossible that he should not become a man of worth. Cousin of Ligny, I put the page under your care: but I have no mind that he should lose his horse, he shall remain always in your stable." Whereupon the Lord of Ligny humbly thanked the King, feeling well satisfied to have this present; for he surely thought that when he grew to be a man he would one day do him great honour; as afterwards came to pass in many places. The good Knight was page three years only in the house of the Lord of Ligny, who put him out of that situation at the age of seventeen, and assigned him a place in his own company, though he ever retained him among the Gentlemen of his household.

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CHAPTER VI.

How a Gentleman of Burgundy, called Messire Claude de Vauldré, came to Lyons, by the desire of the King of France, to do deeds of arms, as well on horseback as on foot, and hung up his shields, in order that they who touched them might be by him encountered in combat: and how the good Knight, three days after he was dismissed from being page, touched all the shields.

Some time the Duke of Savoy remained at Lyons, where he was well entertained with the King, and with the Princes and Nobles of France. So he bethought him that it was time to return into his own country, and accordingly asked leave to depart, which was granted very unwillingly: but there is no company so good but it must be parted with. The King made him handsome and honourable presents, for he abounded in liberality: and thus the good Duke Charles of Savoy returned into his own country. The King of France went about visiting his dominions, and two or three years after came again to Lyons, where there arrived a Burgundian Gen-

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tleman, named Messire Claude de Vauldré, one possessing great skill in arms, and that marvellously affected them. He caused entreaty to be used to the King that, in order to preserve all the young Gentlemen from sloth and idleness, he would permit him to hold a tourney on foot and on horseback, with career of lance, and stroke of battleaxe; which was granted him: for, after the service of God, of which he was very careful, the good King liked nothing better than merry pastimes. So this Messire Claude de Vauldré managed his affair to the best of his ability, and caused his shields to be hung up, which all Gentlemen who had a mind to prove their hardihood came and touched, having their names written down by the king at arms, who had charge of them. One day the good Knight, who was now called by every one Picquet, the name that the King had given him at Esnay, passed before the shields, and he thought within himself: "Alas! good Lord! if I knew how to put myself in fitting array, I would right gladly touch those shields, in order to gain a knowledge of arms;" and upon that he stopped, and remained quite still and thoughtful. With him was a companion of his, bred up by the Lord of Ligny, named Bellabre, who said to him:

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"What are you thinking of, comrade?—you seem like one thunderstruck." "On my faith, friend," replied he, "and so I am, and I will tell you the reason directly. It hath pleased my Lord to put me out of the place of page, and of his goodness he hath equipped me, and raised me to the rank of Gentleman; now I have conceived an inordinate desire to touch the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré; but after I had done it I know not who would furnish me with armour and horses." Then answered Bellabre, who was older than he, and a very bold Gentleman: (for, be it known to all the readers of this history, that of the breeding of this noble Lord of Ligny, came fifty Gentlemen, thirty of whom were valiant and virtuous Captains in their day:) "My friend and companion, are you disquieted about that? Have you not your uncle the fat abbot of Esnay? I vow to God that we will go to him, and if he won't furnish us with money, we'll lay hands on crosier and mitre; but I think that, when he is informed of your strong desire, he will produce it willingly:" at these words Bayard goes to touch the shields. Monjoye, king at arms, who was there to write down the names, said to him: "How, my friend Picquet? Your beard is not of three years growth, and do

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you undertake to fight with Messire Claude de Vauldré, who is one of the fiercest Knights that you may hear of?" The other replied to him: "My friend Monjoye, what I do proceeds not from pride and arrogance, but solely from a desire to learn arms, by little and little, of those who can teach me them; and God, if He please, may give me grace to do something which shall please the Ladies:" at which Monjoye began to laugh, and was highly delighted. So the noise ran throughout all Lyons that Picquet had touched the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré, till it came to the ears of the Lord of Ligny, who had rather than ten thousand crowns it should be so. Accordingly he went to tell the King of it forthwith, who was greatly rejoiced, and said: "By the faith of my body, cousin of Ligny, your breeding will bring you honour one day, as my heart tells me." "We shall see what will come of it," replied the Lord of Ligny, "he is very young yet to stand the blows of Messire Claude de Vauldré."

Now the hardest part of the matter for the good Knight was not to touch the shields, but to find money to get horses and accoutrements. He went to his companion Bellabre, and said to him:

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"My companion and my friend, I pray you be my intercessor with my Lord of Esnay, my uncle, that he will give me money: I am very sure that if my uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, were here, he would let me want for nothing; but he is at his abbey of St. Surnin in Thoulouse; it is very far off; and a man could not get thither and back in time." "Be of good cheer," said Bellabre, "you and I will go speak to him to-morrow morning, and I hope that we shall manage our affair happily." This comforted the good Knight somewhat; howbeit he slept not much that night. Bellabre and he lay together; they rose betimes, got into one of the little boats of Lyons, and made themselves be carried to Esnay. The first person they found within the meadow, after they had left the boat, was the Abbot, who was at his devotions with one of his monks. The two Gentlemen went to salute him; but having already heard how that his nephew had touched the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré, and suspecting that he should be called on to pay the expenses, he gave them no very good reception, and said to Bayard: "Ha! who made you so bold as to touch the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré? You were a page only three days ago, and are not seventeen

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or eighteen years old; you ought to feel the rod again, you grow so presumptuous." To which the good Knight replied: "My Lord, I protest to you, upon my honour, that not presumption, but a desire to arrive by valiant deeds at the honour that your predecessors and mine have attained unto hath inspired me with this boldness. I therefore beseech you, my Lord, as I best may, seeing that I have no relation or friend to whom I can at present have recourse except you, that it be your good pleasure to assist me with some money to provide myself with what is needful for me." "On my faith," replied the Abbot, "you may go seek elsewhere for one to lend you money; the wealth bestowed on this abbey by the founders was intended for the service of God, and not to be spent on jousts and tourneys." Which speech of the Abbot the Lord of Bellabre took up, and said: "My Lord, had it not been for the prowess of your predecessors, you would not be Abbot of Esnay: for by their means and no other have you obtained this dignity. We ought to have a sense of the benefits which we have received in time past, and a hope to gain some remuneration for those which we confer. Your nephew, my companion, is of a good descent, and beloved by

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the King, and by my Lord our master; he hath a desire to arrive at preferment, wherewith you ought to be well pleased. It is fitting therefore that you give him assistance, for it cannot cost you two hundred crowns to equip him properly, and he may do you honour equal to ten thousand." Rejoinder ensued on the part of the Abbot, who made much debate upon the matter; but in the end vouchsafed to aid the good Knight.

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CHAPTER VII.

How the Abbot of Esnay gave the good Knight an hundred crowns to buy two horses, and writ a letter to a merchant at Lyons to furnish him with what should be necessary.

MUCH discourse passed between the Abbot and the two Gentlemen, but at length he led them to his house, and opening a little window, took an hundred crowns out of a purse which was therein, and gave them to Bellabre, saying to him: "My Gentleman, here are an hundred crowns which I deliver into your charge, to buy two horses for this valiant man of arms, seeing that he is too young as yet to handle money: I shall write a line to Laurencin to furnish him with the habiliments he stands in need of." "You do well, my Lord," said Bellabre, "and I can assure you that whoever shall know of it, you will gain nothing but honour thereby." So he called for paper and ink immediately to write to Laurencin, whom he ordered to provide his nephew with what should be necessary to accoutre him at this tourney,

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imagining within himself that he could not want above an hundred franks' worth of goods; but he was quite mistaken, as you shall presently hear. As soon as the Gentlemen had received their letter, after taking leave of the Abbot, whom the good Knight thanked very humbly for his courtesy towards him, they went back to their little boat to return to Lyons, much delighted at the success of their negotiation. Bellabre broke silence and said: "You know, companion, that when God sends men good fortune, they ought to manage it well and wisely. What one robs monks of is holy bread. We have a letter to Laurencin to take what we have need of; let us go to his house quickly ere the Abbot consider what he hath done; for in his letter he hath not limited the sum that he gives you for accoutrements. By the faith of my body, you shall be rigged out for the tourney, and for a year to come; for you will never get anything more from him." The good Knight, who desired nothing better, began to laugh, and said to him: "By my faith, companion, this is a very good method of managing the affair; but I pray you let us hasten, for I am terribly afraid that if he perceive his oversight, he will straightway send one of his people

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to say how much money he means to give me for clothes." The surmise was very just, as you will hear. So they made with all speed across the ferry, which brought them up hard by the Exchange, where they landed, and went directly to the house of Laurencin, whom they found in his shop, and saluted, and he, a very good and honest merchant, returned the like to them. Bellabre began to speak and said: "On my soul, Master Laurencin, my companion and I are come from visiting a worthy Abbot, my Lord of Esnay." "I promise you he is mine too," said Laurencin; "he is a right worthy personage, and I hold myself of the number of his good servants. In my life I have had reckonings with him to the amount of twenty thousand franks, and never met with an honester man." "But do you know the good deed he hath done his nephew, my comrade here?" quoth Bellabre. "Hearing that he had touched the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré, and knowing that we slept together, he sent for us both this morning, and, on our arrival, after giving us an excellent breakfast, presented his nephew with three hundred good crowns to buy horses; and moreover, that he may fit himself out so as no man in the company shall be better attired than

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he, he hath given us a letter to you, to furnish him with what is necessary." So he shewed the letter to Laurencin, who immediately knew the signature of my Lord the Abbot. "I assure you, Gentlemen," said the merchant, "there is nothing within here that is not at your command, and at that of my Lord who writes to me: only look for what you want." So they quickly made him shew them gold and silver stuffs, embroidered satins, velvets, and other silks, of which they took for the good Knight to the value of seven or eight hundred franks, then bade him good day, went to their lodging, and immediately sent for tailors to do their business.

Now let us return for a while to the Abbot, who was very glad to find himself rid of his nephew. He ordered his people to bring dinner, at which he had company; and, amid other discourse, he said, in an elevated tone of voice: "I have had a costly present to make this morning: that boy Bayard, my nephew, hath been mad enough to touch the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré, and hath come this forenoon to beg money for his equipments; which hath lain me in an hundred crowns. Nay this is not all; for I have written to Laurencin to give him what he shall

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ask to accoutre him for the tilt." To that answered the Sexton of the Abbey: "On my faith, my Lord, you have done well; he wishes to imitate the prowess of my Lord your grandfather, who was so stout of heart as were all his kin. I see but one evil in this; he is young and wilful; you have written to Laurencin to give him what he shall ask, and I am certain he will do it if it come to two thousand crowns; I fear your nephew will take more than you intend." The Abbot began immediately to consider of this, and replied: "By St. James, Sexton, you say true, for I have not specified how much." Then he cried: "Call the steward:" who coming immediately, the Abbot said to him: "Hie you away, Nicholas; another shall serve instead of you; go to the town to Laurencin, and say that I wrote him word this morning to furnish my nephew with some wearing apparel for the tourney of Messire Claude de Vauldré, and that he is to give him to the amount of an hundred or an hundred and twenty crowns and no more; tarry not, but merely go and come back again." The steward set off instantly, but far too late. When he arrived at Laurencin's, he was at table; but being very intimate with him, he went up, and saluted the company, who did

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the like to him. "Master steward," quoth Laurencin, "you are welcome; wash your hands, and partake with us." "I thank you," he replied, "that is not my errand: my Lord sends me hither because to-day he wrote you word to furnish his nephew Bayard with some accoutrements."

Laurencin did not wait till he had finished, but said: "Master steward, I have attended to all that: I assure you I have rigged him out handsomely; he is a very well-behaved young Gentleman; and my Lord doth well to assist him." "And to what amount have you given him?" said the steward. "Faith I can't tell," said the other, "till I see my paper, and my receipt on the back of my Lord's letter; but I believe it came to about eight hundred franks." "Ha! by 'r Lady, you have spoilt all!" cried Nicholas. "How so?" quoth Laurencin. "Why thus," replied the steward: "my Lord was sending you word by me not to give him above the value of an hundred or an hundred and twenty franks." "His letter said not that," said Laurencin; "if he had asked more, he would have had it, for such were my Lord's instructions." "There is no help for it now," said the Steward: "fare you well." So he returned to Esnay, and found the company

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where he had left them. When the Abbot saw his steward, he said: "Well, Nicholas, did you deliver my message to Laurencin?" "That did I, my Lord," returned he, "but I set out too late; your nephew had already made his purchases, and had only taken to the amount of eight hundred franks." "Eight hundred franks, St. Mary!" cried the Abbot: "make haste; you know his lodging;—go tell him that if he doesn't quickly carry back to Laurencin's what he hath taken, he shall never again be the better for a denier of mine."

The steward obeyed his Lordship's command, and went to Lyons, thinking to find his man, who having had an inkling beforehand of this contingency, had said to his servants: "If any of my Lord of Esnay's people come to inquire for me, make excuses, in order that I may not be obliged to speak with them." The like injunction laid he on all them of the lodging. When the steward came and asked for him, they made answer that he was at my Lord of Ligny's. Thither he goes, and, finding him not, returns to the lodging. Then they told him he was gone to try horses beyond the Rhosne. In short he went more than ten times to his house, but could

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never find him; he therefore returned, for he perceived plainly that they were making game of him. When he got back to Esnay, he told my Lord, "It was lost labour to seek his nephew: for that he had been above ten times to his lodging, but saw it was not possible to find him, as he made himself be concealed." "On my oath then," said the Abbot, "he is a bad boy; but he shall repent it." His wrath dispersed at leisure, but he never got any thing else by the concern. Let us now leave off speaking of him, and return to the good Knight and his companion, and the exploits they performed in their affairs.

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CHAPTER VIII.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach and his companion mounted their horses, and donned their Accoutrements; and how the said Knight carried himself gallantly, according to his might, against Messire Claude de Vauldré.

THE reader must understand that as soon as the good Knight and his companion got what they called for at Laurencin's, they made no long stay at his house, foreseeing what happened afterwards; but so diligent were they in their business that they were provided with all they wanted. They retired to their lodging, and sent immediately for tailors, to make them each three suits for the tourney; as the good Knight wished his companion to be of the same livery as himself: so they had every thing alike. After they had given directions about their clothes, Bellabre said: "Companion, we must go see about horses. I know a Gentleman of Piedmont lodging in La Grenete, who hath a small horse, well raised, and very agile, that will suit you exactly: I believe

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too he is possessed of a little lively bay courser. I have been told that he wishes to sell them, because he broke his leg in riding them eight days ago; let us find out if this be the case." "That is well thought of," said the good Knight.

Accordingly they crossed the water to Our Lady of Consolation, then drew near to the house of this Piedmontese gentleman, whom they found in his chamber very ill at ease in his leg. They saluted him, and he did the same to them, like a courteous Knight. Bellabre spoke first, and said: "Sir, my companion wants to purchase a couple of horses of yours, as we have heard that you design to part with them, on account of the mishap you have met with, for which we are heartily sorry." "Gentlemen," replied the Piedmontese, "it is true, and it troubles me much, for the horses are good and handsome. But it is God's will,—I see plainly that I shall not be able to quit this town within three months,—provisions are expensive here,—my horses would cost me in victuals more than they are worth,—you appear honest and brave Gentlemen,—I had rather my horses fell into your hands than elsewhere: get across their backs, and go try them out of the town, with one of my people;—on your return, if you

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please, we will come to terms about them." They liked the proposal; and the horses being forthwith saddled, the good Knight and his companion mounted and led them to the meadows hard by La Guillotiere, where they made them gallop and trot till they were satisfied. They then returned to the house of the Gentleman to make the bargain, and asked what price he would sell them for. "On my honour," said he, "if I were whole, there is no man upon earth who should have them for two hundred crowns, unless I wished to make him a present of them; but for love of you I am content to let you have the war-horse for sixty crowns, and the courser for fifty, in all, one hundred and ten crowns: I will take no less."

They thought him very reasonable and said not another word, but, "Sir, you shall have them, and two Gentlemen at your service all their lives:" for which he thanked them. They took out their purses, and gave him his hundred and ten crowns, and two for wine for the servants. The horses were led to their lodging by their own people, and they had them well curried and accoutred; for it wanted only three days of the time when Messire Claude de Vauldré's enterprise was to

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begin; wherefore every one apparelled himself according to his means. So Messire Claude opened his tourney in the order that, with the King's leave, he had caused to be published, and on a Monday entered the lists, where he was encountered by divers worthy and gallant Gentlemen of the household of good King Charles, such as the Seneschal Galiot, a very valiant and expert warrior; the young Bonneval, Sandricourt, Chastillon, and Bourdillon, who were the King's most familiar intimates, with many others. Every one did his best, as may be supposed. It had been appointed that each combatant, after having performed his part, should be led along the lists in open sight for the sake of letting the spectators know who had done well or ill; for which reason you may imagine there was no one that did not use his utmost endeavours to acquit himself honourably.

The good Knight, at this time little more than seventeen years old, a very tender age, (for he had not done growing, and was naturally spare and pale,) entered the lists, and there made his first essay, which commenced rudely enough: for he had to do with one of the most skilful and experienced Knights in the world. Nevertheless,

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how it happened I cannot tell, whether God willed to give him the glory, or Messire Claude de Vauldré chose to amuse himself with him, there was no man, in the whole combat, on horseback or on foot, that played his part better than he, or indeed so well. Insomuch that the ladies of Lyons awarded the honour of the day to him: for, as hath been already observed, each was obliged, after his fight was over, to walk along the lists in view of everybody; wherefore, when it came to the good Knight's turn, the Ladies in their Lyonese tongue gave him the chief honour, saying: "*Vey vo cestou malotru! il a mieulx fay que tous los autres:*" "Look at this poor lad! he hath done better than all the others." And of the rest of the company he acquired such favour, that good King Charles said at supper, to exalt him more: "By the faith of my body, Picquet hath made a beginning, from which, in my belief, he will go on to a good end." Then he said to the Lord of Ligny: "Cousin, I never made you a better present in my life than when I gave you him." To which that Lord replied: "Sire, if he be a man of merit you will derive greater honour from him than I; for it is the commendation you have bestowed on him that hath

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made him undertake all this. God grant that he may continue his present course! But his uncle, the Abbot of Esnay, takes no great pleasure in it, for he hath had money of him and accoutrements on his credit:" of which the King had already been informed. So he began to laugh, and all the company with him.

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CHAPTER IX.

How the Lord of Ligny sent the good Knight to the Garrison in Picardy, where his company was; how he lodged in a pretty little town called Ayre, and how at his arrival his companions came to meet him.

After the tourney was ended, the Lord of Ligny one morning called the good Knight without fear and without reproach, and said to him: "Picquet, my friend, you have a rare beginning to your fortunes: the war is to be continued, and though I retain you in my household at three hundred franks a year, and three horses, yet have I put you into my company. Go therefore to the garrison to see your comrades; you will there find as gallant soldiers as are in Christendom, and who often practise arms, holding jousts and tourneys for the love of the Ladies, and for the acquiring of honour. On which account it seems to me that you cannot be better than with them, till there be some rumour of war." The good Knight, who wished nothing better, replied: "My Lord, for all the honours and benefits which you

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have done and are doing me every day, you can only at present receive from me very humble thanks, and a prayer to our Lord that he will be pleased to reward you. But it is my greatest desire at present to go see the company you speak of; for I cannot witness the good things I have heard reported of them ever so short a while, without being the better for it all my life, and if it be your pleasure I will depart to-morrow." The Lord of Ligny said; "I am willing; but first you shall take leave of the King; I will carry you to him after dinner." Which he did, and they found that Monarch just about to rise from table, when the Lord of Ligny said to him: "Sire, here is your Picquet; he is going to see his comrades in Picardy, and is come to take leave of you." Thereupon the good Knight threw himself on his knees with a bold countenance, which the King observed with pleasure, and said, smiling: "My friend Picquet, may God continue in you what I have beheld in your outset, and you will be a brave man. You are going into a land where there are handsome Ladies, exert yourself to gain their favour, and adieu, my friend!" "Many thanks, Sire," said the good Knight. So he was immediately embraced of all the Princes and Lords

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in bidding farewell, and of many Gentlemen, who felt much regret at his leaving the court. He felt none himself however, but, on the contrary, thought it long till he reached the place whither he was bound. The King sent for one of the grooms of his chamber, who had some money in his coffers, and ordered him to give the good Knight three hundred crowns, and likewise he caused one of the finest horses in his stables to be delivered to him. Bayard bestowed thirty crowns on the groom, and ten on him that brought him the courser, for which all that knew of it extolled his liberality amazingly. The Lord of Ligny brought him back to his lodgings, and talked to him that evening as if he had been his own child, advising him above all things to keep honour constantly before his eyes; a command that he hath ever kept to the day of his death. At length, when it was time to retire to bed, his Lordship said to him: "My friend Picquet, I suppose you will set off to-morrow before I am up; to God I commend you." So he embraced him with tears in his eyes; and the good Knight took leave of him kneeling, and went home, escorted by all his companions, from whom he did not part without many embraces. Going up into

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his chamber he there found the Lord of Ligny's tailor, with two complete suits of clothes, which his kind master had sent him. To him he said: "My friend and brother, had I known of this fine present, I would have thanked my Lord for it, who hath conferred so many other favours on me, which I have never deserved at his hands; be pleased to accept that from me:" and he took out his purse, and gave him twenty crowns.

One of the servants of the good Knight said to him: "Sir, William the groom but now brought my Lord's good horse to your stable, and told me that his Lordship gives him to you. But he returned because he was called for, and said he would come and speak with you to-morrow." "He will not find me," replied Bayard, "for I intend to be on horseback by day-break." So he turned to the tailor, and put into his hand ten crowns, saying to him: "My friend, I pray you give that to William the groom of the stable, and be good enough to salute all the fair and noble company at the house of my Lord on my part." The tailor promised to do so, and having left the apartment, the good Knight packed up his trunks, and put his dress in order, to depart early the next morning, then got into bed, where

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he rested but little, for it was near midnight when he laid himself down. As soon as he rose, the first thing he did was to send off his great horses, whereof he had six choice ones, with his baggage. He set out himself afterwards with five or six admirable curtals, when he had taken leave of his host and hostess, and fully satisfied them for the time he had spent in their house. His companion Bellabre was ready as soon as he, and accompanied him as far as Bresle; there they dined, and there took leave of each other; but they made no great ceremony of that; for within three or four days after Bellabre reckoned upon following his friend, and only waited for a couple of great horses, which were coming to him out of Spain.

The good Knight always went by short journeys, because he had his horses led; however at length he arrived at three leagues distance from the town of Ayre, whence he sent forward one of his people to seek lodgings. When the Gentlemen of the company learnt that Picquet was so near, they all, or most part of them, mounted their steeds to go and meet him: so great a desire had they to see him, each being already possessed with an opinion of his virtues. They were more than six-

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and-twenty young Gentlemen, who found their companion half a league from the town. It need not be asked whether they gave each other a hearty welcome, and they joyfully conducted him, conversing together on many subjects, into the town; there the Ladies were at the windows; for having already heard of the good Knight Picquet's nobleness of heart, every one desired to become acquainted with him. They saw him, but not so much at their ease as they did afterwards. The good Knight was led by his comrades to his lodgings, where supper was ready prepared, he having given order to this effect by his men whom he had sent on. Part of his companions, who led a merry life, remained, questioning him about the state of his means, observing how fortunate he had been at his outset in doing so well against Messire Claude de Vauldré, and extolling him marvellously. But the good Knight appeared nowise transported with that, but replied courteously to all their speeches: "Gentlemen, my comrades, you do wrong to give me these praises, for there is nothing yet in me that can make me worth much; but please the Lord, with your good aid, I shall attain to be accounted of the number of persons of merit." Then he left the subject, and spoke of other matters.

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One of the company called Tardieu, a mirthful pleasant man, began to speak, and, addressing the good Knight, said: "Friend comrade, I can assure you that, in all Picardy, there are no handsomer Ladies than those of this town, whereof your hostess, whom you have not yet seen, is one; she is gone to the wedding of a niece of hers, but will return to-morrow, so you may see her at your convenience. It is impossible that you should have come to keep garrison without money; you must make yourself talked of on your arrival, and by worthy actions acquire the favour of the Ladies of the country. It is now a long time since there was a prize given in this town; I do beseech you, be pleased to give one here within eight days: pray do not refuse me the first request that I have ever made you." To which the good Knight replied: "On my word, Master Tardieu, had you asked a greater matter, assure yourself I should not have refused you; how then this which is as pleasing to me as to you, and perhaps more so? If you will send me the trumpet to-morrow morning, and we can gain our Captain's leave, I will give you satisfaction in this affair." Tardieu rejoined: "Don't trouble yourself about gaining leave: Captain Louys d'Ars hath granted it you

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from this time forth, as no harm is contemplated. He is not here at present, but will be in four days. If any evil come of it, I take the blame upon myself." "Well then," replied the good Knight, "to-morrow your desire shall be accomplished." The company remained in conversation until the twelfth hour of the night, when they separated till the next morning, at which time the above-named Tardieu forgot not to repair to the lodging of the good Knight, his new companion, and to bring him one of the company's trumpets, greeting him with these words: "Comrade, make no excuses, here is your man."

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CHAPTER X.

How the good Knight caused a tourney to be published in Ayre for the sake of the Ladies, wherein the most successful combatant was to receive a bracelet of gold, and a fine diamond to give to his Lady.

ALTHOUGH the Knight without fear and without reproach had great need of rest, by reason of the long journey he had taken, yet the proposal of his comrade Tardieu suffered him not to sleep much that night; his thoughts were employed upon the tourney, and how it should be conducted. He revolved the matter in his mind, and determined respecting the execution of it, as you shall presently hear: for when Tardieu came to see him in the morning, aud brought him the trumpet, he found the order of the tourney written out, and the way in which it was to be conducted set forth: which was as follows: "That Pierre de Bayard, young Gentleman, and novice in arms, native of Dauphiny, one of the King's ordinary men of arms, under the charge and conduct of the high

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and mighty Lord of Ligny, caused a tourney to be cried and published for all comers, without the town of Ayre, and adjoining the walls, on the twentieth day of July, of three strokes of the lance, without lists, and twelve of the sword, with edged weapons, and in armour of war, the whole on horseback; and that to him that performed the best he gave a golden bracelet enamelled with his device, and of the weight of thirty grains; that the next day there was to be a combat on foot, at point of lance, within lists the height of a man's middle. And, after the lance was broken, with blows of battle-axe, at the discretion of the judges, and of them that kept the field; and that he who did the best was to receive a diamond of forty crowns' value.

When Tardieu had seen the order, he said: "By God, comrade, not Lancelot, nor Tristrem, nor Gawaine could have done better. Trumpet, go cry that in this town, and then you shall proceed from garrison to garrison, for the space of three days, to inform all our friends thereof." The reader must understand, that in Picardy there were then seven or eight hundred men of arms, as the company of the Mareschal des Cordes, Philippe de Crevecœur, that of the Scotch, that

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of the Lord of la Palisse, a famed and virtuous Captain, and many others, who by the said trumpet were advertised of the tourney. They, therefore, who had a mind to be present at it, put themselves in readiness, for the term was only of eight or ten days; however there were not fewer than forty or fifty men of arms upon the ranks. In the interval before the desired day, the noble Knight Captain Louys d'Ars arrived, and was much delighted at having come in time to be a sharer in the sport. The good Knight, being informed of his return, went to pay his respects to him, and they gave each other a cordial welcome. To add still more to the zest of the thing, next day Bayard was rejoined by his friend Bellabre, which greatly rejoiced all the company. They entertained themselves every day in trying their horses, and giving treats to the Ladies, wherein the good Knight, among others, played his part very well, insomuch that the Dames of the town, and divers who came from the surrounding parts to see the tourney, gave him the preference above all the rest; which, however, did not inspire him with any pride.

Now came the day appointed for the commencement of the tourney, and every one entered the ranks. Captain Louys d'Ars was one of the

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judges, and the Lord of St. Quentin the other. The Gentlemen, numbered at forty-six, ranged themselves in order, and were divided by lot, without any unfair play, three-and-twenty on one side, and three-and-twenty on the other. When they were all ready to begin, the trumpet sounded, and after that declared, in all its particulars, the order of the tourney. It was the good Knight's place to present himself the first upon the ranks, and against him came a neighbour of his from Dauphiny, named Tartarin, who was very formidable in the wielding of weapons. They ran at one another: Tartarin broke his lance half a foot off the head; and the good Knight smote him at the top of the great vantbrace, and broke his spear into five or six pieces: at which trumpets sounded furiously, for it was a marvellous fine joust. After having accomplished their course, they returned for the second, and it was Tartarin's fortune to pierce the vantbrace of the good Knight about the elbow, so that all the company thought his arm was wounded. The good Knight hit his adversary a blow over the visor, and brought away a little chaplet of feathers.

Their courses being finished, Bellabre appeared in the lists, and was encountered by a Scotch

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gendarm, named Captain David of Fougas, and they likewise did with their lances the utmost that it was possible for Gentlemen to perform. Thus they jousted, two against two, till they had all done running. Then they began to fight with the sword; the good Knight, commencing according to the order, with the first blow that he struck broke his sword into two pieces, and fought so well with the rest, up to the number of blows prescribed, that it was impossible for anything to be better. Afterwards the others came on in their turns: and, for one day, according to the report of all the spectators, and even of the judges, never was better running with lance, or fighting with sword. And although every one acquitted himself vastly well, yet the good Knight, Bellabre, Tartarin, Captain David, one belonging to the company of my Lord of Cordes, named the Bastard of Chimay, and Tardieu bore away the palm from all the rest.

In the evening, when every one had done his part, they all retired to the lodging of Bayard, who had ordered a noble supper to be dressed, and got a great number of Ladies together: all those in Picardy within ten leagues around having come to see this fine tourney; and sumptuously were they entertained. After supper there were

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dances, and many other pastimes, so that it was an hour past midnight ere any one was tired. Then they went home, one after another, conducting the Ladies to the places where they were to spend the night. It was very late in the day before they were well awakened, and I can assure you they were never weary of commending the good Knight, both for his prowess in arms, and for his courtesy: and indeed a more gracious and civil Gentleman was not to be found in the whole world.

Now, to go through with what was begun, next day the soldiers all repaired to the house of their Captain, Louys d'Ars: thither the good Knight had also gone to invite him to dinner at his lodging, with the Lord of St. Quentin, to meet the Ladies of the preceding evening; which was agreed to. Then, after they had all been to hear mass chanted, might you have seen the young Gentlemen offering their arms to the Ladies, and leading them, engaged in discourse on love and other pleasing topics, to the lodging of the good Knight, where, well as they had been entertained the night before, at dinner they were so still better. Not long remained the Lords and Ladies within doors after dinner, but in the space of

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about two hours all that were of the tourney re-entered the ranks, to perform the order of the second day. Now he who thought he had little chance of obtaining the first prize, flattered himself with the hope of the next. The judges, Lords, and Ladies being arrived upon the spot, the tilt was opened by the good Knight without fear and without reproach, in the usual manner. Against him came a Gentleman from Hainault, of high reputation, called Hanotin de Sucre; they thrust furiously at one another above the lists, with their lances, till they had broken them to shivers. Then they took their battle-axes, which they both had by their sides, and dealt each other such sharp and rude strokes, that the combat threatened to be a mortal one. At length, however, the good Knight hit his adversary a blow about the ear which made him first stagger, and then kneel upon both knees, and, assailing him again above the lists, he made him kiss the earth, whether he would or no; which being seen of the judges, they cried out: "Holla! holla! it is enough! let them retire!"

After these two came Bellabre and Arnaulton of Pierreforade, a Gascon Gentleman, and did wonders with their lances, which were immediately

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broken. Then they came to their battle-axes, and dealt each other fierce blows; but Bellabre broke his, on which account the judges parted them. After them Tardieu and David the Scotchman entered the lists, and performed very ably: and so on, each in his turn, during the space of seven hours, till they had all done; and, for a little tournament, it displayed as good fighting as they who were at it had ever beheld in their lives. When all was ended each retired to his own house to disarm, and then assembled at that of the good Knight, where a banquet was prepared, and there the two judges, the Lords of Ars and of St. Quentin, and all the Ladies were already met. You may imagine how much talk there was of the two days, each saying what he thought on the subject. However, supper being ended, it was now time for the judges to make decision, and to award the prizes. Many Gentlemen experienced in warlike matters were asked their opinion on their honour, and then the Ladies on their conscience, without favouring one more than another. At last it was declared both by Gentlemen and Ladies that, although every one had acquitted himself extremely well, nevertheless, in their opinion, the best combatant

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on both days had been the good Knight; they therefore referred it to him, as the gainer of the prizes, to bestow his presents where he should think fit.

There was a great dispute between the two judges which should pronounce the sentence, but the good Captain Louys d'Ars entreated the Lord of St. Quentin so much, that at length he agreed to do it. The trumpet sounded for silence, which being obtained, his Lordship spoke thus: "Gentlemen here assembled, especially you that have fought at the tourney, of which Master Pierre de Bayard hath offered the prizes for two days, my Lord of Ars and myself, judges commissioned by you all to give a reasonable decree on whom those prizes shall be most fitly bestowed, we wish you to know, that, after having well and duly inquired of all the brave and honourable Gentlemen who have attended to see you fight, and likewise of the noble Ladies here present, we find that you have every one played your parts very well, and very creditably. But beyond all, without disparaging any, the Lord of Bayard hath been, according to the common voice, on both days the most worthy combatant. Wherefore the Gentlemen and Ladies award to him the honour

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of dispensing the prizes where he shall think fit." And addressing the good Knight, he said: "Lord of Bayard, bethink you to whom you will deliver them." He was quite ashamed, and remained thoughtful a short space; then said: "My Lord, I know not why it is that I am favoured by having this honour conferred on me; as I think there are some who have deserved it much more than I; but since it pleases the Lords and Ladies to make me judge, entreating all the Gentlemen my companions, who have done better than myself, not to be displeased at it, I give the prize of the first day to my Lord of Bellabre, and that of the second to Captain David the Scot."

So the presents were immediately delivered to them, nor did any one, man or woman, murmur at it, but the dances and sports were entered upon. The Ladies could never be satisfied with speaking well of the good Knight, who was so beloved in Picardy as no man more. He remained there two years, and during that time many tourneys and other entertainments took place, in most of which the good Knight bore away the bell. And the chief reason why every one loved him was, that a more liberal or gracious person could not be found upon earth. None of his companions was ever

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dismounted that he did not assist him to get upon his horse again. Was he in possession of a crown, all shared it. Young as he was, the first thing he did when he rose was to serve God. He was a great giver of alms; and there was no man, during his life, who could say he had refused him any thing within his power to grant. At the end of two years the young King Charles of France undertook his journey to Naples, accompanied by the Lord of Ligny; who therefore sent in good time to fetch the Knight without fear and without reproach; for, knowing his virtues, and the honourable manner in which he was spoken of, he would by no means leave him behind.

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CHAPTER XI.

How the King of France, Charles VIII., made preparations to set out for the conquest of Naples, which he effected by his prowess and valour, without much effusion of blood.

Two years afterwards, or thereabout, good King Charles resolved to go and conquer the Kingdom of Naples. The causes and occasions whereupon he undertook the journey are fully contained in other histories and chronicles, seeing which to make a long recital of them would only weary my readers, and waste paper. Nevertheless, as every one must have read and clearly understood, the good King Charles accomplished his journey as honourably as it was possible. He planted his Courts of Justice within Rome, brought the Pope to reason, and entirely gained the Kingdom of Naples, where he left the Lord of Montpensier as his Lieutenant-General and Viceroy. Then he disposed himself to go back to France, and met with no obstacle till he arrived at a place called Fornova, where he found full sixty thousand

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combatants, all Italians, and belonging to various Potentates, as the Pope, the Venetians, the Duke of Milan, and many other Lords, who had schemed to overthrow the good King on his return, and take him prisoner; because they were assured that he had left part of his forces in the Kingdom he had just conquered, and had not more than ten thousand men with him.

Notwithstanding this, the good and noble Prince, who had the heart of a lion, secure of being well served by the few troops he had with him, determined to wait and give them battle; this he did with our Lord's aid, whereby his enemies gained foul shame and heavy loss, and he inestimable glory; for he had not seven hundred men slain, whereas they lost eight or ten thousand of their best; specially the greatest Captains of the Seigniory of Venice remained upon the field, and many of the House of Gonzagua, the head whereof is the Marquis of Mantua, who was there likewise, but took advantage of his spurs and his good steed; and had it not been for the swelling of a little stream, the overthrow would have been more complete. At the first attack the good Knight without fear and without reproach carried himself triumphantly above all the rest, in the

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company of his noble master the Lord of Ligny, and had two horses killed under him that day. The King, being told of it, gave him five hundred crowns, and the good Knight in return presented him with the standard of some cavalry which he had gained in the pursuit.

Thence the King proceeded to Vercelli, where he found a fine troop of Swiss come to offer him their aid, if necessary. He remained some days there with his camp, being desirous to relieve his brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, who was besieged in Novara by Lewis Sforza Duke of Milan, and the Venetians. There was much going and coming of people who busied themselves to bring about peace, insomuch that some treaty was at length adjusted. The King therefore returned to Lyons, where he found the good Queen, his loyal consort, and with her the Duchess of Bourbon, her sister.

The King of France quitted that city for the sake of visiting his good patron at St. Denys in France, where his predecessors lay buried; and he spent two or three years in travelling up and down his Kingdom, leading a very good and holy life, and maintaining justice to the satisfaction of his subjects: for he sat himself in the chair of

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justice twice a week, to hear the complaints and grievances of all, and attended to the poorest. He received tidings that the Neapolitans had revolted to Ferdinand, son of King Alphonso, and also that his Lieutenant-General, the Count of Montpensier, was dead, and that all his Captains were returning to France. So he proposed to himself to go thither in person, when he saw a fitting opportunity. Meantime he lived in his own Kingdom very virtuously, and had three children by his wife, but they all died.

In the September of the year 1497, this good Prince left Tours for Lyons, thinking to take his journey to Naples; but the project was abandoned, on what account I know not. He returned to Amboise, and on the 7th of April, in the following year, whilst watching tennis-players in a gallery was seized with a weakness, which carried him off soon after: an irreparable loss to the Realm of France; as he had given proofs during his whole reign, of the most excellent dispositions, the most mild, gracious, clement and merciful. I believe that God hath assigned him his portion among the blessed, for the good Prince was not stained by a single unworthy vice. I have given no detailed account of his life, it being set down sufficiently elsewhere.

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CHAPTER XII.

How Lewis, Duke of Orleans, succeeded to the crown of France, as the nearest heir, with the name of Lewis XII.

On the demise of good King Charles, there being no heir male, Lewis, Duke of Orleans, as next to him, succeeded to the throne, was consecrated at Rheims the 27th of May, 1498, and crowned at St. Denys the first day of July ensuing. He had espoused the Princess Joan of France, sister of his predecessor: but by reason that it was thought she could have no issue, and that he had married her against his inclination, from a dread of the fury of her father, Lewis XI., he had her called into court. On this occasion the Pope appointed Judges to try the cause, and in the end she was by them determined not to be his wife. Wherefore, leaving her the Duchy of Berry for her fortune, he married the Duchess of Brittany, widow of the late King. Whether it were well or ill done God alone knows. The good Duchess of Berry lived in holiness all her days, and it hath been said that after her death God

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worked miracles for her sake. The King on his accession thought fit to expose all the royal offices to sale that did not relate to judicature, whereby he obtained a large sum of money; for he was terribly afraid of oppressing his people by taxes and subsidies. What he had always most at heart was, the recovery of his Duchy of Milan, which belonged to him in right of the Lady Valentina his grandmother, and was withheld at that time by the Lord Ludovic Sforza, as it had previously been by his father. But they of the House of Orleans, by reason of the long wars carried on in France against the English, as well as of the broils that sprung up on occasion of the murder of the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy, had never been able to contend for their right. He now found himself in a condition to dispute the point with his enemy. He made his entry at Lyons on the tenth day of July, 1498, then caused his army to pass on into the County of Asti, under the conduct of the Lord Jean Jacques de Trivulce, and of the Lord of Aubigny, who were both wise and valiant Knights. On first entering they took and sacked two small places called Anon, and La Rocca. Thence they drew off to Alexandria, and besieged them within who

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were for Ludovic Sforza, and who defended themselves very well; but at length the place was taken. They of Pavia, learning this, submitted to the King of France. Sforza, seeing himself in these straits, thus deserted of his subjects, abandoned Milan, and retired into Germany, to Maximilian, King of the Romans, who received him joyfully; they two having been at all times in strict league together. Immediately upon his departure the inhabitants of Milan surrendered to the French; news whereof reaching the King of France, he used all diligence to go and make his public entry there.

A few days after, by means of money and promises, the French got possession of the Castle, he who had it to keep for Ludovic Sforza playing him a base and wicked trick: for by it his master had always hoped to regain the Duchy. When the other places heard that the Castle of Milan had surrendered, they lost all hope, and submitted to the King of France. In like manner did they of Genoa, to whom he sent the Lord of Ravestain, a near relation of his own on his mother's side, as Governor. On the 4th of October, in the same year, the Queen of France lay in of a fair girl, named Claude. The King abode not long in the

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Duchy of Milan, but, leaving the government of it to the Lord Jean Jacques, the Castle in keeping of the Lord of Espy, and La Rocchetta in that of a Scottish Gentleman, near of kin to the Lord of Aubigny, he returned to Lyons. This benefit he conferred on the Dutchy before his departure that he lessened the tributes and impositions one third; for which all the people praised him marvellously, and he quite gained the hearts of some. The King made no long sojourn at Lyons, but, proceeding farther in his Kingdom, came to Orleans, where he settled a dispute between the Dukes of Gueldres and of Juliers, and made them friends.

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CHAPTER XIII.

How, after the conquest of the Duchy of Milan, the good Knight remained in Italy; and how he held a tourney in the town of Carignan, in Piedmont, whereat he gained the prize.

On the return of the King of France from Italy in joy and gladness at having conquered his Duchy of Milan, and made his enemy, Ludovic Sforza, fly into Germany, to crave the aid of Maximilian, King of the Romans, the garrisons of the French were left behind in Lombardy taking their pleasure, holding jousts, tourneys, and other entertainments. The good Knight, who in his childhood had been bred up in the House of Savoy, went to visit a worthy Lady, formerly married to his first master, Duke Charles. The Lady's name was Blanch; she resided in Piedmont, at a town belonging to her own dowry called Carignan. Being fraught with all courtesy she gave him a joyful welcome, and treated him as though he had been a kinsman of her own.

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Now you must understand that there was no house of Prince or Princess, in Italy, France, or elsewhere, in which Gentlemen were better entertained, or more diversion afforded them, than in this. Of the household was a very worthy Dame, who had possessed great influence over the Duchess in her youth, and did so still, named Madame de Fluxas; her husband was also there, an honest Gentleman, under whom the whole house was managed. I must tell you that when the good Knight was given as page to Duke Charles of Savoy, this Madame de Fluxas was a young Lady of the household, attendant upon the Duchess; and thus, as people at their time of life are usually fond of associating together, they formed such a mutual attachment, consistently with honour, that, might they have followed their mere inclinations, with little regard to consequences, they would have straightway taken each other in marriage. But you have already heard how Duke Charles sent to Lyons to see the King of France, and gave him the good Knight for his page, through which the young lovers lost sight of each other for a long time. The expedition to Naples intervened, with many other occurrences,

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for the space of four years, ere they had any intercourse with each other except by letters.

During this time the Lady married the Lord of Fluxas, one possessed of much wealth, and who took her for her personal graces; as of the goods of fortune she had very few. But desiring, as a virtuous woman might, to let the good Knight see that the honourable love she had borne him in former years still lasted, on his arrival at Carignan she showed him all the kindness and courtesy which a Gentleman could possibly receive, and talked much about their youth, and many other matters. This noble Dame of Fluxas, who, in the adornments of beauty, as well as of a sweet and gracious manner of speaking, yielded to no woman in the world, eulogized the good Knight in her discourse most highly. She reminded him of his success in arms when he made his first attempt against Messire Claude de Vauldré, of the tourney that he won at Ayre in Picardy, and of the honour that he gained in the battle of Fornova, the fame whereof was spread throughout France and Italy. In brief, she extolled and blazoned him to such a degree that the poor Gentleman blushed for shame. Quoth she to him: "My

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Lord of Bayard, my friend, this is the House in which you were first brought up; and it were a most unseemly thing if you made not yourself known here, as you have done elsewhere." The good Knight replied: "Madam, you are aware that, from your youth I have loved, prized, and honoured you, and I hold you so wise and well taught that you wish ill to no one, and to me least of all people. Be kind enough to tell me what it is you would have me do, to please her Ladyship my good mistress, yourself above all, and the rest of the fair and worthy company here assembled." The Dame of Fluxas then said: "It appears to me, my Lord of Bayard, (but let me not be troublesome to you,) that you would do well to hold a tourney in this town, for the honour of my Lady, who will take it in exceeding good part. You have hereabouts many French Gentlemen of your own company, and others of the country, who will take delight in being present at it, I am very certain." "Truly," said the good Knight, "since you wish it, the thing shall be done. You are the first Lady in the world who ever gained my heart to her service, by her charms. I am sure that I shall never have any thing of you but your lips and hands, for, by

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seeking more, I should only lose my labour: and on my soul, I had rather die than press you with a dishonourable suit. I do pray that you will give me one of your sleeves, for I have need of it." The Lady, not knowing what he wanted with it, delivered it to him, and he put it into the sleeve of his doublet, without explaining himself further.

Supper was now ready, at which every one made good cheer, and then the dances began, all acquitting themselves to the best of their abilities. The Lady Blanch talked with the good Knight about his bringing up, till midnight, when it became time to retire. The latter however closed not his eyes the whole night, as you may imagine, but lay meditating on what he had to do, and settled it all in his own mind. In the morning he sent a trumpet to the towns round about, where there were garrisons, to inform the Gentlemen, that, if they would repair, within four days after that Sunday, to the town of Carignan, arrayed in armour of war, he should bestow a prize, consisting of his Lady's sleeve, with a ruby worth an hundred ducats appended thereto, upon him who should perform the best at three strokes of the lance, without lists, and twelve of the sword. The

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trumpeter did his devoir, and brought back a written answer from fifteen Gentlemen, who promised to attend. This came to be known by the Lady Blanch, who was right glad of it, and had her scaffold erected on the place where the courses and the combat were to be enacted. On the day fixed, about an hour after noon, the good Knight entered the ranks, armed at all points, with three or four of his comrades, as the Lord of Bouvent, the Lord of Mondragon, and others; but they had not been there long before all the rest, who intended to run, presented themselves. First began the good Knight, and against him came the Lord of Rouastre, a gallant Gentleman, bearing the ensign of Duke Philibert of Savoy; he was an expert and daring Knight, and made a brave thrust with his lance, which shivered it into three or four splinters. But the good Knight dealt him so resolute a blow on the top of his great buff, that, piercing it right through, he uncased him, and made his spear fly into five or six pieces. The Lord of Rouastre resumed his, and ran the second course, in which he performed very well, and broke his lance as potently as the first time, or more so. But the good Knight smote him within the visor, knocked off his crest, and

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made him stagger: howbeit he was not unhorsed. At the third bout the Lord of Rouastre crossed; the good Knight's lance flew into shivers. After them came Mondragon and the Lord of Cheuron, who performed their courses to the admiration of every one. Two others followed them; and finally they all did themselves much credit, and gave satisfaction to the company.

The spears being made an end of, it grew time that the swords should come into play: but the good Knight had no sooner struck two blows than he broke his own, and caused his adversary's to fly out of his hand. Then came they on one after another, and acquitted themselves after such a fashion that their performance could not have been exceeded, and ere all was over it waxed very late. The Lady Blanch invited the Gentlemen, by the Lord of Fluxas, to sup at the Castle, which none of them declined, and you may be sure they were handsomely treated, as was the fashion of that place. After supper the hautboy players and minstrels sounded their instruments, when, before the dancing commenced, the prize must be given to him who had, in reason, deserved it. The Lords of Grandmont and of Fluxas, who were the judges, questioned all present, as well

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Gentlemen and Ladies, as the combatants themselves, and it was their unanimous opinion that the good Knight had gained the prize by the law of arms. Accordingly the judges came to present it to him; but he, blushing with shame, refused it, saying that this honour was attributed to him wrongfully and without cause: but that if he had done any thing well the Lady of Fluxas was the occasion of it, she having lent him her sleeve, and that he referred it to her to bestow the prize where she thought fit. The Lord of Fluxas, who was not ignorant of the honourable character of the good Knight, conceived no jealousy of him, and went straight to his wife, with the Lord of Grandmont, saying: "Madam, my Lord of Bayard, to whom the prize of the tourney hath been awarded, declares, in presence of your husband, that it is you who have won it, on account of your sleeve which you have given him; therefore he sends it you to dispose of it as you like."

She, who was admirably versed in the arts of politeness, appeared nothing confused, but thanking the good Knight very humbly for the honour he did her, spoke these words: "Since my Lord of Bayard is good enough to say that my sleeve hath made him gain the prize, I will keep it all my

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life for his sake. But with regard to the ruby, since he will not accept it, as the most worthy combatant, I am of opinion that it should be given to my Lord of Mondragon, who is thought to have done the best after him." What she ordained was executed, no one murmuring at it. The Lady Blanch felt much satisfaction in having bred up such a personage as the good Knight, whom every one spoke highly of. The prize being given, dancing commenced, and lasted till past midnight, when all separated. The French Gentlemen remained five or six days longer at Carignan in the midst of sports and festivities, passing their time most agreeably, and then returned to their garrisons. The good Knight also took leave of the Dutchess, his worthy mistress, telling her, that there was no Prince or Princess in the world, after his Sovereign, to whose service he was more devoted than to hers: for which she thanked him kindly. Then he proceeded to say farewell to his first love the Dame of Fluxas, who could not part from him without shedding tears, and he on his side was greatly moved. This honourable affection lasted between them till death, and no year passed that they did not send presents to each other. For a whole month nothing was talked of at the Castle,

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and in the town of Carignan, but the prowess, honour, gentleness and courtesy of the good Knight. And he was as much set by in the former place as if he had been the heir of it. During his stay there he found Pisou de Chenas serving in some office, he that had been head groom to his master, Duke Charles of Savoy, and from whom he had once received civilities, which he was then desirous of requiting. After having taken him to his lodging, and entertained him well, he gave him a horse worth fifty crowns, for which the good man thanked him from the bottom of his heart. He asked what had become of the equerry that had charge of him when he was one of the household. Pisou de Chenas replied, that he dwelt at Montcallier, whither he had retired on marrying, and was grown very gouty. The good Knight, not ungrateful for his kindness to him in times past, sent him a very good and handsome mule by the same Pisou: and by so doing he clearly showed that he had not forgotten the benefits conferred on him in his earlier years.

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CHAPTER XIV.

How the Lord Ludovic Sforza returned from Germany with a good number of Lansquenets, and retook the town of Milan from the French.

You have heard how the Lord Ludovic retired into Germany to the King of the Romans; now it must be understood that he went not thither unprovided with money, of which he had great need for the enterprize he was meditating; as appeared by proof, for, a little while after he had been driven away, he returned into Lombardy with a good number of German forces, both cavalry and infantry, along with some Swiss, and some Burgundian gendarms.

On the 3d of January, by means of private intelligence, he retook the town of Milan, and drove the French out: however the Castle remained still in the King's power. Following the example of this place several towns in the Dutchy revolted: among others, all those on the way to Genoa, as Tortona, Voghiera, and divers Castles. When

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the King of France heard of the troubles in his Dutchy, like a valiant and vigorous Prince, he mustered a great army to send thither, at the head of which he put the Lord of Ligny, and the Lord Jean Jacques, who assembled their army in the Astesan, and began to march. I must now give you some account of what occurred to the good Knight without fear and without reproach during the time that Sforza was within Milan, and a little while after he took it. He had remained, by his master's permission, in Italy, when the King returned to France, being addicted to arms above all things else in the world, and imagining that, ere he had remained long there, the Lord Ludovic, who was gone to seek succours in Germany, would return with forces, and consequently that some fighting would ensue; for not much had taken place on the first conquest of the Dutchy. He was in garrison twenty miles from Milan, with other young Gentlemen, who were making marvellous fine courses against one another continually.

One day the good Knight was informed that, within Binasco, there were three hundred horse, whom it would be very easy to defeat: so he besought his comrades that they would be pleased

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to go and pay them a visit in his company. Being greatly beloved by all he easily carried his point: so they got ready betimes in the morning, and went, to the number of forty or fifty men, to try if they could do any good service. The Captain who commanded within Binasco, was a very worthy Knight, wise, and experienced in war, named Messer Giovanni Bernardino *Cazache*. Having good spies, he received intelligence that the French were on their way to come and attack him. Unwilling to be caught unprepared, he put himself in a posture of defence, and drew out his men two bow-shots from the gates. So he proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy, the sight of whom gave him great satisfaction; as he was of opinion from their small number, that they could work him no dishonour. They began to approach one another crying, "*France, France;*" "*Moor, Moor;*" and great and perilous was the shock: for both parties were dismounted, and had much difficulty in getting upon their horses again. Whoever had seen the good Knight doing martial deeds, cutting off heads, and hewing arms and legs, would have sooner taken him for a furious lion than for an amorous young Gentleman. Briefly, this conflict lasted an hour, and victory was

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still undecided; which greatly disturbed the good Knight, and he said to his comrades: "Gentlemen, shall these few hold us at work all day? If they within came to know of it, not one of us would escape. Let us instantly take heart, and beat them off the field." The words of the good Knight inspired valour into his companions, and, shouting "*France, France!*" with one accord, they made a sharp and terrible assault upon the Lombards; who began to lose ground, and to recoil before them, defending themselves very well. They continued to retreat for about four or five miles toward Milan, till, seeing themselves very near it, they turned their horses' heads, and galloped at full speed to the town.

The French followed so fast that they were hard upon them; then one of the eldest, who was well acquainted with war, cried, "Turn, man at arms, turn." Which every one obeyed but the good Knight, who, quite heated, continued to chase and pursue his enemies. So that he entered Milan amid them in the confusion, and pursued them as far as the Palace, where the Lord Ludovic had taken up his abode. As he bore the white crosses every one cried, "*Take him, Take him;*" he was surrounded on all sides and made

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prisoner by *Cazache*, who led him to his own house, and had him disarmed. Finding him a very young Gentleman, not more than two or three and twenty years old, he was astonished that at such an age he could be possessed of the prowess he had witnessed in him. The Lord Ludovic, who had heard the uproar, inquired the occasion of it: some that were acquainted with the affair, related it to him, and how the Lord Giovanni Bernardino, while at Binasco, had been attacked by the French, who had at length driven him into Milan, and that amongst them in the chase a Frenchman had entered, a marvellously bold and valiant Gentleman, and extremely young. Then he ordered them to go and conduct him into his presence, which was immediately done.

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CHAPTER XV.

How the Lord Ludovic wanted to see the good Knight without fear and without reproach; and how, after having talked with him, he sent him back, and caused his horse and his arms to be restored to him.

THEY went straight to the house of the Lord Giovanni Bernardino, to seek his prisoner, and carry him to Ludovic Sforza, who had sent for him. The Captain was afraid lest that Lord in his fury should offer him some affront; therefore, being a courteous and benevolent personage, he chose to conduct the good Knight himself, after having clothed him in his own apparel, and put him into the plight of a Gentleman. Then he presented him to the Lord Ludovic, who marvelled, when he saw him so young, that he should have gained such high applause. However he accosted him, saying: "Come hither, my Gentleman, who brought you into this town?" The good Knight, not in the least daunted, made answer: "Faith, my Lord, I thought not to enter alone, and sup-

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posed that my companions were following me, but they understood war better than I:—had they so done they would have been taken prisoners as well as myself. Howbeit, with the exception of this mishap, I commend my fortune, which hath caused me to fall into the hands of so good a master as he that hath me in keeping; for he is a very wise and valiant Knight."

Then the Lord Ludovic asked him upon his honour how numerous the army of the King of France was. "On my soul, my Lord," replied he, "it consists of fourteen or fifteen hundred gendarms, and sixteen or eighteen thousand foot. But they are all chosen men, who have resolved to labour hard till they have secured the State of Milan to the King their master. And it appears to me, my Lord, that you would be as safe in Germany as here; for your people are not fit to war with us." The good Knight spake so boldly that the Lord Ludovic was quite pleased, notwithstanding that what he had said was enough to startle him. But, to show that he cared little for the return of the French, he said, as it were jestingly: "On my honour, my Gentleman, I have a great desire to see the King of France his army and mine encounter one another, in order that it may

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be ascertained in battle to whom this territory of right belongeth; there seems to me no other way of settling the affair."

"By my oath, my Lord," said the good Knight, "I would it were to-morrow, provided that I was out of prison." "Truly, it shall not stick there," replied the Lord Ludovic, "for I set you free immediately; and moreover, ask what you will of me, and it shall be granted." The good Knight thanked the Lord Ludovic on his knees for the offers he had made him, as was due, and said: "My Lord, I ask nothing of you; except that if you will extend your courtesy so far as to cause my horse, and my arms, which I have brought hither, to be restored to me, and will send me to my garrison, which is twenty miles hence, you will do me a very great favour, and one for which I shall feel myself obliged to you all my life: and, as far as is compatible with the service of the King my master, and my own honour, I shall be very willing to make acknowledgment in any thing that you may be pleased to command." "In good faith," said the Lord Ludovic, "your request shall be complied with directly." So he said to Messer Giovanni Bernardino: "Captain, let them instantly find him his horse, arms, and all his accoutre-

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ments." "My Lord," said the Captain, "it is easy to find them; they are all at my house." Upon that he sent two or three servants thither immediately, to fetch his horse, and his arms, and the Lord Ludovic made him arm in his presence. When he was equipped he mounted his horse, without putting foot into the stirrup. Then he asked for a lance, which was given him, and raising his visor, he said: "My Lord, I thank you for your courtesy: the Lord requite you!" He was in a handsome and spacious court; so he put spurs to his horse, which took four or five most spirited leaps; then he coursed him a little, and, in so doing, broke his lance against the ground into five or six pieces, at which the Lord Ludovic was not over delighted, and said aloud: "If all the French gendarms were like this one, I should be at a fearful pass." Nevertheless he gave him a trumpet to conduct him to his garrison: but he went not so far; for the French army was now only ten or twelve miles from Milan, fully informed of the capture of the good Knight, and of the daringness he had displayed; though his conduct savoured somewhat of his youth. When he arrived at the camp, his good master, the Lord of Ligny, went to meet him, and said, laughing:

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"Ah! Picquet! who hath released you from prison, eh? Have you paid your ransom? In truth I purposed sending one of my trumpets to discharge it and bring you back." "My Lord," said the good Knight, "I thank you very humbly for your kind intention: the Lord Ludovic, of his great courtesy, hath set me free." So he related to them every particular of his being taken, and of his deliverance. All his companions came to see him, and welcomed him heartily. The Lord Jean Jacques asked whether he thought there were any hopes, from the look and discourse of the Lord Ludovic, that he would give battle; to which the good Knight replied: "My Lord, he let me not so far into his counsels; but, to all appearance, he is a man that may not be easily daunted: you will see what will happen in a few days. For my own part, I cannot complain of him, so well and honourably hath he behaved toward me. Most of his people are in Novara, and he hath resolved upon sending for them to Milan, or joining them there."

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CHAPTER XVI.

How the Lord Ludovic retired into Novara, suspecting that the French would enter Milan by the Castle, and how he was taken.

When the Lord Ludovic knew that the army of the King of France was so near Milan, and considered that the Castle was not in his hands, he doubted that he should be surprized within the town; so he stole away by night with the forces that he had in Milan, except a few which he left there with his brother, the Cardinal Ascanio, and went to see his army at Novara; whither, when the matter became known in the French camp, the King's Lieutenant, with the Lord of la Trimouille, who had arrived there a few days before, resolved to go and attack him. The Lord Ludovic had numerous forces, but of very different nations, as Burgundians, Germans, and Swiss, and on this account not very easy to govern. For, however it came to pass, in a few days this town of Novara surrendered into the hands of the

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King of France his Lieutenants. And, because a report ran that the Lord Ludovic was not in the town, and that he had retired for a second time into Germany, it was ordained that the infantry should all pass under the pike; which they did: and amongst them was recognised this poor Lord Ludovic, who submitted to the Lord of Ligny, when he found there was no help for it. I cannot tell how it happened, but he had been terribly ill served. This took place on the Friday before Palm Sunday, in the year 1500. The rest of his army came off clear. I believe that they did receive some pay; for it was said that the Swiss, whom the Lord Ludovic had with him, mutinied for want of pay: but since, I have heard the contrary, and that they were corrupted by the Bailiff of Dijon, who had great credit with them. Moreover the number of Swiss in the French army was greater than of those within Novara, and they declined fighting against one another. I have seen that happen many times in France, and occasion much mischief.

However it came about, the Lord Ludovic remained a prisoner, and was conducted forthwith to Lyons, then to the Liz St. George, and, lastly, to the Castle of Loches, in which he ended his

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days. It was a great pity, for he had been a famous Prince in his life, but fortune looked unkindly on him at the latter end of it. The Cardinal Ascanio, his brother, who had remained in Milan, when he heard of this mischance, sent his two nephews, children of the Lord Ludovic, for safety into Germany, to the King of the Romans. For his own particular, he fled, well and numerously accompanied, namely, by four or five hundred horse, to Bologna; but was taken prisoner on the road by a Venetian Captain, called Sonzino di Gonzagua; who afterwards delivered him into the hands of the French; but he gave not up his personal goods and baggage, which were estimated at two hundred thousand ducats. When they of the Dutchy of Milan, who had revolted on the return of Ludovic Sforza, knew that he had been taken, it was not long ere they turned round again to the French, as they were terribly afraid of being sacked and plundered. But they met with nothing but mildness and friendship from them; having to do with a good Prince and virtuous Captains.

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CHAPTER XVII.

How the Lord of Ligny went to visit Voghiera, Tortona, and other places in the Dutchy of Milan, which the King had given him: and of a handsome action which the good Knight did.

THE reader must understand that, when the King of France made his first conquest of the Dutchy of Milan, he wished to recompense his good servants by giving them lands and Lordships in the same: in particular to the Count of Ligny he gave Tortona, Voghiera, and some other places; the inhabitants whereof revolted on the return of the Lord Ludovic, which greatly toubled the Lord of Ligny. So he resolved to go and visit them, taking along with him his Lieutenant, the worthy Captain Louys d'Ars, the good Knight without fear and without reproach, who at that time bore his standard, and many other Gentlemen. He came to Alessandria, and gave out that he should deliver up Tortona and Voghiera to be pillaged; though he was of too good a disposition to intend any such thing. When his subjects

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heard of his coming, and of the report which went about of their destruction, they were quite thunderstruck, and not without reason. They held counsel together that they would send a deputation to their Lord, in the humblest guise possible, to implore his clemency; which they did; and twenty of the most considerable inhabitants went two miles from Voghiera to make their excuses to him. But though they were brought before the Lord of Ligny, and he knew them well enough, yet he made as if he saw them not, and passed on through the town to the lodging that had been taken for him.

The poor people who had gone to meet him were much confounded at so uncomfortable a reception. They retired into their town as quietly as possible, and sought means of speaking with the Captain Louys d'Ars, that he might appoint a time for them to appear before their Lord: which he promised to effect if possible; for there never lived a better natured man. Accordingly he assigned them the next day. Meanwhile he went to expostulate with the Lord of Ligny, begging that he would be graciously pleased to give them a hearing: which was granted to his request: and on the morrow, after dinner, fifty of the most

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considerable townsmen came to his lodging, and threw themselves on their knees before him, bare-headed, crying out "*Mercy*." Then one among them, a very eloquent man, began to utter these, or similar words, in the Italian tongue; "My Lord, your very humble and very obedient subjects and servants of this poor town of yours, recommend themselves with their whole heart, and with all possible humility, to your good favour: beseeching you, of your nobless, to pardon the crime they have been guilty of, as well toward their Sovereign, the King of France, as toward yourself, in having revolted. And consider, in your own bosom, that this is no town to hold out against an armed force; and that, however they may have acted, their hearts remained unchanged, and were still completely French. And if, through their poorness of spirit, they have committed a heavy offence, of your great goodness let your wrath be assuaged, as they assure you, my Lord, they will never transgress in like manner again; and should they, abandoned by God, be led at any time to return to their former error, they put their wives, their children, and all they possess, at your disposal; and to demonstrate how desirous they are of remaining as I say in regard to you, they offer

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you, in all humility, a little present, proportionable to their means, consisting of three hundred marks of silver plate, which you will be pleased to accept, as a token that your anger against them is allayed."

Then he held his peace, and caused basins, cups, goblets, and other silver vessels to be produced upon two tables, which the Lord of Ligny deigned not even to look at: but replied scornfully, like an incensed man: "How dare ye come into my presence, wicked, base, infamous wretches, who have revolted like cowards, without cause or reason? What confidence henceforward can I ever place in you? Had your town been laid siege to, cannonaded, and assaulted, it would have been a different affair: but the enemies never even shewed you their faces: which clearly proves that you acquiesced in the usurpation of this Dutchy of your own free will and inclination. Ought I not, if I did my duty, to have you hung and strangled, like disloyal traitors, on the cross-work before your own windows? Go fly from before me! Let me never see you more!" All the while he was speaking these words the poor citizens remained on their knees.

Then the valorous and discreet Captain Louys

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d'Ars took off his cap, and said with one knee on the ground: "My Lord, for the honour of God and his Passion, do me the favour of foregoing, at my request, your displeasure towards them: for I have promised them as much, and they would never more put any trust in me, if you denied me. I hope, my Lord, that you will find them good and true subjects all your lifetime." The poor people, without waiting for his answer, all began with one voice to cry; "My Lord, it shall be as the Captain says, if it please your Lordship." The good Count, hearing their clamour, was moved to pity, and almost weeping, made them rise, and said two things to them, the one friendly, the other severe, to shew that they had grievously offended. "In the first place, Go," said he, "for the sake of Captain Louys d'Ars, who hath rendered me so many services that I would not refuse him a much greater matter. I pardon you, and never repeat the offence. But, as for your present, you don't deserve that I should condescend to take it." Then looking around him, he cast his eyes upon the good Knight, to whom he said: "Picquet, take all this plate, I give it you for your kitchen;" to which he instantly replied, "My Lord, I humbly thank you for the

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favour you do me: but God forbid that goods which come from such wicked people should enter my house! They would bring me ill luck." So he took all the plate, piece by piece, and made a present of some part of it to every one there present, without retaining the value of a penny for himself; which astonished all the company: for at that time he knew not how to come by ten crowns.

When he had disposed of the whole he left the room, as did the inhabitants. Thereupon the Lord of Ligny thus bespoke them that remained: "What say you, my Lords? Have you seen the spirit of Picquet, and his liberality? Hath not God done him great wrong in not making him the Monarch of some puissant Realm? He would then have won the whole world by his courtesy. Believe me, he will come to be one of the perfectest characters upon earth." In brief all the company greatly applauded the good Knight. When the Lord of Ligny had thought a little space, and recollected that nothing remained to Bayard of the present he had made him, he sent him, as soon as he got up next day, a beautiful dress of crimson velvet lined with embroidered satin, a very excellent steed, and three

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hundred crowns in a purse; which lasted him not long; for his comrades all shared it. In a few days the Lord of Ligny returned to Milan, whither the Cardinal d'Amboise, Lieutenant-General for the King, was arrived. And thence he proceeded to France.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

How the King of France sent a great army to Naples, where he made the Lord of Aubigny his Lieutenant-General.

THE reader hath already been told how, after the death of the Lord of Montpensier, the Neapolitans revolted, and all the French returned into their own country: which caused King Charles the Eighth great vexation, and would have been avenged by him had he lived: but death anticipated him. As soon as ever King Lewis the Twelfth came to the crown, he wished to bestow his whole attention upon the conquest of his Dutchy of Milan, on which account the affairs of the said Kingdom remained a long time in suspense; and Ferdinand, son of Alphonso, being dead, his uncle Frederic now reigned there. I must observe one thing namely, that, when the late King Charles conquered the Kingdom, he married his cousin, the Lord of Ligny, to a great Lady of the country, called the Princess of Altamura, but she lived not long. For, when that

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King returned into France, he took the Lord of Ligny with him; upon which, it was rumoured, the Lady died of grief.

By her death, and also by gift of King Charles, divers lands had remained to the Lord of Ligny in the said Kingdom, especially in Puglia, as Venosa, Canosa, Monervino, Biseglia, and many others. Therefore, when King Lewis grew desirous of sending to reconquer that State of his, the Lord of Ligny surely thought to have gone thither: but his journey was broken off twice, and the mortification he felt on this account, some said, brought him to his end. So the Lord of Aubigny, a very noble and valiant Captain, was sent to be Lieutenant-General there, attended with a numerous force both of horse and foot: among which was the Lord of Ligny's company, under the conduct of his good Lieutenant, Captain Louys d'Ars. Now the good Knight had no thought of remaining behind, therefore he asked leave to depart of his kind Lord, who granted it with much regret, having conceived a great affection for him; and they never saw each other again.

Thus marched this valiant Captain, the Lord of Aubigny, straight to Naples, where he made

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such happy exertions, and Don Frederic found so little aid and friendship from his men, that he was forced to abandon the Kingdom. He entered into some agreement with the Lord of Aubigny, who sent him with his wife and children to France; where he was well received by the King, and had the Dutchy of Anjou with other lands delivered to him, (agreeably to the composition;) these same he enjoyed till his death. After that took place his wife was not very well treated, which appears to me to have been amiss; and, for the widow of a King, she was reduced to great necessity. The Realm of Naples being won by this Lord of Aubigny, he settled his garrisons there by companies. That of the Count of Ligny was placed in his own domains, the government of some of which Captain Louys d'Ars conferred on the good Knight, who discharged that duty very well. There was peace for some time between the King of Arragon, who pretended a right to those dominions, and the King of France who had left him some portion of them: and that peace was proclaimed at Lyons the same year, between France, Spain, and the King of the Romans, by means of the Duke of Austria, who had the eldest daughter of Spain to wife, and returning with her passed

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through Lyons, and went to see his sister then Dutchess of Savoy. It was but a hollow peace; for at that very time the King of Arragon sent a great force, by secret understanding with Pope Alexander, to Gonsalvo Hernandez in the said Kingdom, who retook the city of Naples, and great part of it revolted. The Lord of Aubigny did what he could; but at last was obliged to retire into Puglia.

It is not my purpose to speak further of what took place in Naples during two or three years, nor of the battles of Cirignuola, of Troia, of the Garigliano, and many others, in some of which the French were successful, and in others the reverse; for these things are treated of at large elsewhere. Though I must observe that, in the last, either for want of discipline, or of good fighting, the French were completely driven out, in the year 1504, and never returned afterward. Whether such were the will of God is not for me to say; but without hesitation I can affirm that neither he who drove them out then, nor he who at present possesses the Realm, hath any right there, except that of force,—the point which all princes strive at last to come to. I intend to speak solely of the fortunes of the good Knight without fear

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and without reproach, during the hot war which the French and Spaniards carried on against one another. And first I will tell you of an adventure which he was engaged in.

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CHAPTER XIX.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach went out of his garrison at Monervino. How he met with Spaniards in the field, and what came of it.

As the good Knight was in a garrison, where the valiant Captain Louys d'Ars had placed him, called Monervino, with some of his comrades, tired of being pent up for such a length of time without seeing the country, he said to them one evening: "Gentlemen, methinks we stay idling here too long, instead of going to seek our enemies; from this two great evils may arise; one is, that, for want of exercising arms frequently, we shall all grow effeminate: the other, that our foes will take new courage, thinking that we dare not quit our strong hold for fear of them. Wherefore I am resolved to go to-morrow and make an excursion between this place and Andri, or Barletta; perhaps too we may meet with scouts from their army, which I shall greatly rejoice in; for we may have a skirmish together, and let them win the honour to whom God shall vouchsafe it."

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To these words not one but answered agreeably to his wishes; so they who intended to be of the excursion looked to their horses, and put themselves in order to perform what they had undertaken. They rose very early, and went afield, about thirty young Gentlemen, all on horseback, and rode, very resolute, toward the enemies' garrisons, hoping to have some notable rencounter. That same day there had left the town of Andri, impelled by a similar motive, a Spanish Gentleman closely related to the great Captain Gonsalvo Hernandez, named Don Alonso de Sotomayor, a very noble Knight, and skilled in arms, having in his company forty or fifty Spaniards, all chosen warriors, and mounted on horses from their own country. Such was the luck of the two Captains, that, on descending from a little hill, they spied each other, at about the distance of a cannon shot: both were highly delighted, (which the most so I am unable to say,) especially when they perceived that their force was equal. Then the good Knight, when he had clearly made out the red crosses, began thus to address his people: "My friends, we are on the point of battle. I pray let every one take special care of his honour, and, if you see me not do my duty this day, look on me ever after

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as a coward and a braggart." All answered, "Let us go, Captain, let us fall on our enemies first; we will not allow them the honour of commencing." Then they lowered their visors, and crying "*France! France!*" put their horses to a great gallop in order to charge their adversaries: who, with a fierce and sturdy countenance, riding at full speed, and crying "*Spain! St. Iago!*" received them gallantly at their spear points. In this first shock of the encounter both sides were borne down to the earth, and raised by their companions with great difficulty. The engagement lasted half an hour ere it could be discovered which party had the advantage; and, as each desired that the issue should be to his own glory, they set upon one another, as if they had been quite fresh, with a most perilous assault. But, as every one knows, in such affairs one side or the other must of necessity come off victorious: so it befel the good Knight, through his own strong endeavour, and the courage that he inspired into his people, that, in this last outset, he broke through the Spaniards. There remained dead on the field to the number of seven, and as many were taken prisoners; the rest took to flight, and among them the Captain Don

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Alonso: but he was closely pursued by the good Knight, who often called out to him: "Turn, cavalier! great disgrace wilt thou incur if thou diest flying; better choose honourable death, than shameful flight." Then, like an enraged lion, he turned round upon the good Knight, and fiercely attacked him; and they gave each other fifty blows with the sword, never pausing for a single moment. Meantime the other Spaniards continued to fly, abandoning their Captain, who, though left alone, fought on gallantly; and, had all his men done like him, I cannot tell which side would have got the better. In short, after the two Captains had combated a long while, Don Alonso's horse grew tired, and would not go forward any more; which being perceived by the good Knight, he said: "Yield, man of arms, or thou diest!" "To whom," replied he, "must I surrender?" "To Captain Bayard," said the good Knight. Thereat Don Alonso, who had already heard speak of his valiant deeds, finding that he could not escape, as he was inclosed on all sides, yielded himself up, and gave the good Knight his sword, which was received with great joy. Then the band set out on their return to the garrison,

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rejoicing in the good fortune which God had given them that day. For they lost not a single man; though five or six were wounded, and two horses killed; but they had prisoners to repay them. Arrived at the garrison, Bayard, who was an adopted son of Dame Courtesy, having learnt, on the way, to what family Don Alonso belonged, assigned to him one of the handsomest apartments in the Castle, and gave him a habit of his own, saying these words: "Señor Don Alonso, I am informed by the other prisoners within here that you belong to a good and great House, and, what is better, that you are, in your own person, highly renowned for prowess; wherefore I am resolved not to treat you as a captive; give me but your word that you will not quit this Castle without my leave, and you shall have no other prison. It is spacious; you may take your pleasure here among the rest of us, till you have settled about your ransom, and discharged it, in regard to which you will find me very lenient." "Captain," replied Don Alonso, "I thank you for your courtesy, assuring you on my honour that I will never depart hence without your permission." But he did not keep his promise over well, which brought

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him ill luck in the end, as will be shewn hereafter. Howbeit one day, as they were talking together, Don Alonso agreed upon a thousand crowns for his ransom.

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CHAPTER XX.

How Don Alonso de Sotomayor attempted to steal away by means of an Albanian who furnished him with a horse, but was retaken upon the road, and kept in stricter confinement.

A FORTNIGHT or three weeks Don Alonso remained with Captain Bayard, called the good Knight, and his companions, passing his time pleasantly, going and coming at the Castle, unreproved by any; seeing that he was on his word of honour, which no one imagined he would ever break. It fell out otherwise, though he had nothing to complain of, as he afterwards owned, but alleged in his defence, that, as none of his people came to him, he was going to seek his ransom of a thousand crowns himself, and send it to the good Knight. The matter happened thus: Don Alonso grew weary of his abode at the Castle, and, talking one day with an Albanian, who belonged to the garrison, he said: "Come hither, *Theode*, you may as well do me a good turn as not; if you will, I pledge my word you shall want

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for nothing during my life. I am tired of being here, and still more of hearing no news of my people. If you will provide a horse for me, seeing that I am under no guard here, I will make my escape to-morrow morning. It is but fifteen or twenty miles hence to the garrison of my men; I can go that distance in four hours, and you shall accompany me. I will settle a handsome salary upon you, and give you fifty ducats." The Albanian, who was of a covetous temper, promised to comply, but said to him beforehand: "Sir, I have heard that you are upon your word of honour in this Castle; our Captain would quarrel with you for it." "I will not break faith," said Don Alonso; "he hath agreed to take a thousand crowns for my ransom; I will send him them; I am not bound to anything else." "Well then," said the Albanian, "to-morrow, at break of day, I will not fail to be on horseback, at the Castle gate; when it opens make a pretext of going out to pursue your diversions, and you will find your man." This was concerted between them, and executed next day. They did as they had proposed, and Don Alonso got on horseback, and rode away as fast as he could; the porter taking no heed to him: for, having been told that he was on his word of

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honour, he used to let him come and go as he would. Not long after, the good Knight, ever vigilant, went into the lower court of the Castle, and inquired where his prisoner was, as he wont to play with him every morning; but no one could give him any information on this head. He was dismayed, and went to ask the porter if he had seen him: who replied that he had, about day-break, hard by the gate. The watchman sounded to discover him; but he was not to be found, nor the Albanian either. Greatly concerned was the good Knight at this.

He commanded one of his soldiers called *Le Basque*, saying: "Mount instantly, you and nine others, and ride full speed straight towards Andri, to see if you can find our prisoner, in which case let him be brought back alive or dead: and if you can lay hold on that wicked Albanian bring him back also; he shall be hung up on the battlements of this place, as a warning to any who may incline to play the same base trick in future."

Le Basque made no tarrying; but forthwith mounted a horse, and, galloping away without once looking to see who followed him, (though a good number did so,) shaped his course towards Andri; and about two miles from that place found

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Don Alonso adjusting his horse's girths which were broken. Seeing himself pursued he thought to remount, but could not. So he was caught, made prisoner, and put on his horse again. The Albanian was not so mad as to let himself be taken, well knowing that his life would be in danger. Therefore he got away into Andri, and Don Alonso was brought back to Monervino, where, when the good Knight saw him, he said: "Ha! How comes this, Señor Don Alonso? After having promised me on your word of honour not to quit this place without my leave, have you done after this fashion?" Don Alonso replied, "I thought not to do you any wrong; you have set my ransom at a thousand crowns; within two days I would have sent you that sum, and what impelled me to go away was the trouble I was in at hearing no tidings of my own people."

His excuses would not pass current with the good Knight, who, still quite incensed, had him led to a tower, and there kept for a fortnight, without however putting him into irons, or doing him any injury; on the contrary, with regard to his eating and drinking, he was so well treated, that he had every reason to be satisfied. At the end of fifteen days a trumpeter came to desire a

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safeconduct for one of his people, who wanted to bring the money of his ransom. It was granted, and the money brought two days after: by which means Don Alonso regained his liberty. He took leave of Bayard and of all the company civilly enough, and then returned to Andri. But, before his departure, he saw the good Knight give away the whole of his ransom money to his soldiers, without retaining a single penny for himself.

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CHAPTER XXI.

How Don Alonso de Sotomayor unjustly complained of the treatment he had received at the hands of the good Knight, which occasioned a duel between them.

When Don Alonso arrived at Andri he met with a cordial reception from all his relations and friends: for, in very deed, there was no man in the whole Spanish army more highly considered than he, nor any that had a greater love for arms. They all consoled him in the best manner they could, contending that it should not disturb him to have been a prisoner; that it was the condition of war to lose one time and win another; and that it sufficed that God had restored him safe and sound to his friends. After much discourse he was questioned concerning the good Knight's manner of life, what kind of man he was, and how he had been treated by him during his imprisonment. To which Don Alonso replied: "I promise you on my honour, sirs, that, in regard to the person of the Lord Bayard, I believe there is

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not a bolder Gentleman in the world, or a more active; for, when he goes not to war, he is constantly doing something in the town where he is stationed with his soldiers, always employed in wrestling, leaping, throwing the bar, or other becoming sports, which Gentlemen are wont to exercise themselves with. In liberality he hath no equal, and that I have witnessed in divers instances; specially, when he received the thousand crowns of my ransom, he distributed them among his soldiers in my presence, and kept not a ducat to himself. In short, sooth to say, if he live long he will attain to very great eminence. But, as for his treatment of myself, concerning which you question me, I cannot exceedingly commend that; whether it were by his orders or no I am unable to say, but his people have not treated me like a Gentleman, but, on the contrary, more rudely than they should, and it will stick with me as long as I live."

Some were amazed at these words, considering the good Knight's reputation for courtesy. Others said none ever found a prison exceeding delightsome. Others again blamed him. And this conversation proceeded so far, that a prisoner of the garrison of Monervino, on his return thither,

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brought an ample account to the good Knight how Don Alonso complained outrageously of the ill treatment he said he had received from him, and threw out big words, of no honourable nature; whereat he was quite astounded, and, immediately calling all his people to him, he said to them: "Gentlemen, Don Alonso complains among the Spaniards that I have treated him infamously. You all know how the case was. It is my opinion that no prisoner could have been better treated than he was, before he sought to escape: neither since, albeit he were more closely confined, was aught done to him whereof he can reasonably complain. And, on my honour, if I thought he had suffered any wrong, I would make him amends. Wherefore tell me, I pray, if you have descried any thing which hath not come to my knowledge." Whereto they all replied: "Captain, had he been the greatest Prince in Spain, you could not have treated him better, and it is a sin and a shame for him to make any complaints on the subject." "Faith," said the good Knight, "though I have the quartan ague, I will write and tell him, that, if he asserts I have treated him ill, I will prove the contrary in combat between our two selves, on foot or on horseback, whichever he pleases." He

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sent instantly for a clerk, and dictated a letter to this effect: "Señor Alonso, I am informed that, on your departure from my prison, you have complained of me, and published it among your country folk that I have not treated you like a Gentleman. You well know the contrary. But seeing that, if it were true, it would be a great discredit to me, I have thought fit to write this letter, whereby I entreat you that you will readjust your expressions in presence of those who heard them at the first, confessing, as is most fit, the good and honourable treatment you have received at my hands; by so doing, you will consult your own honour, and redress mine, which you have unjustly trampled upon. If you refuse to do this, I declare that I am resolved to make you retract your words, in mortal combat of your person with mine, on foot or on horseback as it likes you best. And so farewell. From Monervino, this tenth day of July." A trumpeter belonging to the valiant Lord of la Palisse, named *La Lune*, conveyed this letter to Don Alonso within the town of Andri; when he had read it, without asking advice of any one, he made reply by the same trumpeter, and wrote a letter couched in the following terms: "Lord of Bayard, I have seen your letter which

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the bearer brought me, and, among other things therein contained, this, that I had let fall words, in presence of my countrymen, importing that you did not treat me like a Gentleman, while I was your prisoner, and that if I will not make recantation you are determined to fight with me. I declare to you that I never unsay any thing I have said, and that you are not the man to make me do so. Therefore, in regard of the combat you offer me atwixt us two, I accept it, between the present time and twelve or fifteen days hence, two miles from this town of Andri, or wherever else it shall seem good to yourself." *La Lune* brought this answer to the good Knight, who would not have exchanged it for ten thousand crowns, sick as he was. He sent back word immediately that he accepted the combat, and had no objection to the day named. The thing thus agreed upon and adjusted, the good Knight directly made it known to the Lord of la Palisse, who was a man of great experience in these matters. And for his guidon, after God, he took his old comrade Bellabre. Now drew nigh the day of the combat, which took place in the following manner.

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CHAPTER XXII.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach fought Don Alonso de Sotomayor, and vanquished him.

When the day appointed for the duel arrived the Lord of la Palisse, accompanied by two hundred gendarms, (for so it had been settled between the two combatants,) conducted his champion to the field, mounted on a very good and handsome courser, and clothed all in white, as a token of humility. Don Alonso was not yet come; so *La Lune* went to hasten him, of whom he asked what estate the Lord Bayard was in. He replied that he was on horseback, accoutred as a gendarm. "How say you?" said he, "it is my privilege to choose the weapons, and his the field. Trumpet, go tell him that I will fight on foot." Now whatever show of bravery Señor Alonso might put on, he would have been right glad not to have proceeded so far; for he never imagined, seeing the good Knight's malady, that he would venture to combat on foot. But when he saw that things

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must come to an issue, he chose that method of fighting for two reasons; one, that in the whole world was not to be found a more adroit Gentleman on horseback than the good Knight; the other, that the disorder he had upon him must have materially weakened him, whereby he was in great hopes of coming off conqueror. *La Lune* came to the good Knight, and said; "Captain, here are news for you; your adversary says that he will fight on foot, and that he hath a right to choose the weapons:" which was certainly true; nevertheless it had been settled before that the combat was to be on horseback, in armour of a cavalry soldier: and this looked as if Don Alonso wished to avoid the lists.

When the good Knight heard what the trumpeter had to say, he remained awhile in thought: for he had had his ague that very same day. Nevertheless, with the courage of a lion, he replied: "*La Lune*, my friend, go hasten him, and say this shall not stand in the way of his redressing my honour, with God's aid, to-day; and if the combat please him not on foot, I am ready to fight just in whatever way he chooses." So the good Knight immediately had the field prepared, which was done merely by putting great

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stones side by side. He placed himself at one end of it, attended by many good, bold, and valiant Captains, as the Lords of la Palisse, of Orose, of Humbercourt, of Fontrailles, the Baron of Bearn, and divers others, who all besought our Lord to help their champion.

When *La Lune* returned to Don Alonso, and he found there was no alternative, but that, if he tendered his honour, the combat must take place, he came on very well attended, as by the Marquis of *Licite*, by Don Diego Quiñones, Lieutenant to the great Captain Gonsalvo, Don Pedro de Valdes, Don Francisco de *Altemese*, with many more, who accompanied him to the field. Arrived there he sent weapons to the good Knight for him to take his choice of, namely, a long rapier, and a poniard. Both being armed with neck-piece and steel cap, he did not waste much time in choosing; but was put within the field at one end by his companion Bellabre: him he had taken for his second, and the Lord of la Palisse for the keeper of the field on his side. Don Alonso came in at the other end, where he was stationed by his second, Don Diego de Quiñones; and the keeper of the field for him was Don Francisco de *Altemese*. When both had entered, the good Knight

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threw himself on his knees, and breathed a prayer to God: then he stretched himself out at his full length, and kissed the earth. That done, he rose, made the sign of the cross, and walked straight toward his enemy, as securely as though he were in a palace, dancing amid Ladies. Don Alonso also appeared in no wise daunted, but, coming steadily up to his antagonist, addressed him in these words: "*Señor de Bayardo, que me quieres?*"* Whereto he replied in his own language: "*Je veulx deffendre mon honneur.*"† And without further speech they approach, and rush on each other both at once, with a marvellous thrust of the rapier, that of the good Knight grazing upon Don Alonso's face. Brisk and vigorous were they both, to a certainty, and not a single thrust went for nothing. Never met on the field two champions that had more the semblance of brave men. They made many passes without hitting each other. The good Knight, who instantly perceived his adversary's intent, and covered his face the moment he had thrust, so that he could do him no injury, bethought him of a stratagem:

* "Lord of Bayard, what want you with me?"
† "I wish to defend my honour."

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when Don Alonso raised his arm to make a pass, the good Knight also raised his, but merely held the rapier aloft in the air, without doing any thing more; and then with perfect confidence, when that of his adversary was put by, and himself uncovered, gave him such a furious blow in the throat, that, notwithstanding the goodness of his neck-piece, the rapier penetrated four inches therein, so that he could not draw it out again. Don Alonso, feeling himself wounded to death, dropped his rapier, seized upon the body of the good Knight, who likewise took hold of him in guise of one wrestling, and they pulled each other about till both fell upon the ground together. The good Knight, alert and swift, takes his poniard and puts it into the nostrils of his enemy, saying: "Yield, Don Alonso, or you die!" But he could make no answer, having just expired. Then said his second, Don Diego de Quiñones: "*Señor Bayardo, ja es muerto, vencido aveis.*"* Which all quickly perceived to be true; for he never stirred hand or foot again. Right sorry was the good Knight, who would have given an hundred

* "Lord of Bayard, he is dead already, you have conquered."

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thousand crowns, had he possessed them, to have conquered him alive. Howbeit, sensible of God's grace vouchsafed to him, he knelt down, and returned Him humble thanks; then kissed the earth three times, and after that dragged his enemy off the field, saying to his second: "Señor Don Diego, have I done enough?" Who replied mournfully: "*Troppo, Señor Bayardo, por l'onór d'España.*"* "You know," said the good Knight, "that I have a right to do what I please with the body; however, I restore it to you; and, of a truth, I would it had fallen out otherwise, could that have been without detriment to my honour."

Briefly, the Spaniards carried off their champion amid piteous lamentations, and the French led away theirs, with sound of trumpets and clarions, to the garrison of the worthy Lord of la Palisse, where, before he did any thing else, the good Knight returned thanks to God in the church. Afterwards, they made the greatest rejoicings possible. The French Gentlemen could none of them be satisfied with applauding the good Knight: insomuch that, throughout

* "Too much, Lord Bayard, for the honour of Spain."

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the Kingdom, not only among the French, but also among the Spaniards, he was esteemed one of the most accomplished Gentlemen that was any where to be found.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Of a combat which took place in the Kingdom of Naples, between thirteen Spaniards and as many Frenchmen, wherein the good Knight distinguished himself by deeds of surpassing valour.

It hath just been related how the good Knight overcame Don Alonso de Sotomayor, which sorely grieved the hearts of the Spaniards, and they were constantly seeking a way to revenge themselves. A few days after Don Alonso's death a truce of two months was agreed upon between them and the French, for what reason I know not: howbeit during this truce the Spaniards went to take their diversion near the enemies' garrisons, and sometimes, without the forts, fell in with Frenchmen come thither likewise for the sake of sport; on which occasions they often had words together: for the Spaniards were ever given to quarrelling. One day a band of thirteen Spanish Gentlemen, gendarms, all well mounted, went to amuse themselves near the garrison of the good Knight, whither the Lord of Orose, of the House of Urfé,

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a very worthy Captain, was come to visit him. They two having sallied forth to take the air half a league from the town met and saluted the said Spaniards, who did the like to them. They entered into conversation on many subjects, and, among other speeches, a bold courageous Spaniard, named Diego de *Bisaigne*, who had belonged to the company of the late Don Alonso de Sotomayor, and had not yet forgotten his death, made the following: "Gentlemen of France, I know not whether this truce, begun a week since, displease you or no; but it annoys us terribly. If, while it continues, a band of you, ten, twenty, more or less, were willing to fight upon our masters' quarrel, I would undertake to find the same number to engage you on our side, and those who are beaten shall remain prisoners of the adverse party." Hereon the Lord of Orose and the good Knight looked at each other, and the latter said: "My Lord of Orose, what think you of these words?" "Nothing," said he, "but that the Gentleman speaks very discreetly. I know well what reply I would make, but I entreat you to answer according to your own opinion." "Since you wish it," said the good Knight, "I will tell him what I think of the matter. Sir, my companion

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and I apprehend your meaning perfectly well. It appears that you are vastly desirous of a combat, equal numbers engaged against each other. You are here thirteen horse. If you will repair, eight days hence, two miles from this place, mounted and armed, my companion and I will bring thirteen to meet you, and he who hath a brave heart, let him show it." Then all the Spaniards replied in their own tongue, "We are willing." They went their way, and the Lord of Orose with the good Knight returned to Monervino. They assembled their companions, and, on the appointed day, sought the place agreed on with the Spaniards, who repaired thither likewise. There were many others of both nations, who came to look on. They limited their ground, with a stipulation that whosoever passed beyond the boundary was to remain a prisoner, and not fight any more that day. Likewise he that should be unhorsed was to combat no longer. And, in case one party were not able to conquer the other by night-fall, though but one of their adversaries remained on horseback, the combat was to be at an end, and that one should be allowed to carry off all his companions free and clear, who were to leave the field in equal honour with their antagonists. To come

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to the point, the French ranged themselves on one side, and the Spaniards on the other. All couched their lances, and spurred their steeds. But the Spaniards endeavoured rather to kill horses than men, which they did to the number of eleven, and only the Lord of Orose and the good Knight remained on horseback. But this cunning availed not the Spaniards; for by that time their horses would not move another step, spur them as they might. The Lord of Orose and the good Knight made frequent and sharp assaults upon them, and, when the whole troop would have charged them, they retired behind the dead horses of their companions, which served them for a rampart. To conclude, the Spaniards were well beaten; and, although they were thirteen horse against two, could not win the field, so that night arrived before they had gained any thing. Wherefore each party was at liberty to go forth, according as they had agreed together: and the honour of the day remained to the French; two of them having battled during four hours against thirteen without being overcome. The good Knight, above all, conducted himself with surpassing gallantry, insomuch that his glory and renown received great augmentation.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

How the good Knight took a treasurer and his man, who were carrying fifteen thousand ducats to the great Captain Gonsalvo Hernandez, and what he did with them.

About a month after this combat, when the period of the truce was expired, the good Knight received intimation from his spies, that a treasurer at Naples, who supplied money, was about to carry some to Gonsalvo of Cordova, and that he could scarce avoid passing within three or four miles of his garrison. He never lay down to sleep, after he had heard it, without appointing strict watch to be kept, until his people came and told him that the aforesaid treasurer was arrived in a place held by the Spaniards, which was only fifteen miles from Monervino, and that in the morning he purposed retiring to the great Captain, accompanied by some *genetaires** for his security. The good Knight, who had a great desire to get this money into his hands, not for himself, but to distribute among his soldiers, rose two hours

* Cavalry armed in a particular manner.

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before day-break, and placed himself in ambush between two little hills, accompanied by no more than twenty horse. In another direction he sent his companion Tardieu, with five-and-twenty Albanians, in order that, if he escaped by one side, he might not be able to do so by the other. The matter happened on this wise. At about seven in the morning the good Knight's scouts heard a noise of horses, and informed him of the circumstance. He was so well concealed between two rocks that it was easy to pass by without perceiving him, as did the Spaniards, with the treasurer and his man in the midst of them, carrying the money in a great pouch behind their horses. When they had got just beyond the spot, the good Knight and his people set upon them, without further delay, crying "*France! France! kill! kill!*" When the Spaniards found themselves thus attacked and taken in disorder, supposing the number of people to be much greater than it really was, they began to fly in the direction of Barletta. They were pursued a little way, but not far, the object of the enterprise being the poor treasurer, who was taken with his man, and conducted to Monervino; where their bags were produced, and goodly ducats found therein. Bayard would have

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counted them, but the treasurer said to him in his own Spanish tongue: "*Non contaeis, Señor, sono quinze mil ducados*"*: a booty with which he was highly delighted. In the meanwhile Tardieu arrives, and, when he sees this fine sight of money, is very ill pleased that he hath not taken the prize. However says he to the good Knight: "Comrade, I go shares with you, for I have been of the *undertaking*." "True," rejoined the good Knight with a smile; "but you have not been of the *taking*:" then, in order to make him lower his tone, he added, "and even supposing you had, you are under my command; I will give you what I please." Thereat the said Tardieu grew very angry, and, swearing by the name of God, vowed he would have justice done him. So he went and complained to the King of France his Lieutenant General, who sent for the good Knight, and was waited on by him forthwith. Bayard being arrived, each told his own story: after which the Lieutenant General took the opinions of all the Captains, and in the end declared that, from all he could gather, Tardieu had no right to any of the booty. He was greatly mortified at this, but, being

* Don't count, Sir, there are fifteen thousand ducats.

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a light-hearted and a very facetious man, he cried: "By the blood of St. George, I am vastly unlucky." Then he addressed the good Knight, saying: "By God, it is all one, for you will have to maintain me as long as we tarry in this land." The other began to laugh, and this did not hinder their returning together to Monervino, where, when they were arrived, the good Knight caused the ducats to be brought out and displayed on the table before Tardieu, in order to humble him, saying: "Companion, what do you think, are not these pretty things?" "Yes," replied he, "but I have no part in them. Had I but the half of that sum I should never want for any thing, and be a rich man all my life." "How, comrade," said the good Knight, "would you come short of nothing but the certainty of your own life in this world? Truly, what you have proved unable to wrest from me by force I give you with right good will, and you shall have a full half of the money." So he had seven thousand five hundred ducats immediately counted, and delivered them to him. Tardieu, who thought at first this was but a jest, when he saw himself in possession of the money, fell upon both knees, with tears of joy in his eyes, and said: "Alas! my master and my friend,

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what return can I ever make for the benefit you confer on me?" "Hold your peace, companion," said the good Knight: if I had it in my power I would do much better for you." In fact Tardieu by means of this money was a wealthy man all his days; for on his return from Naples to France he was enabled, through it, to marry an heiress, daughter of a Lord of St. Martin, who had three thousand pounds a year. I must now relate what became of the other seven thousand five hundred ducats. The fearless and irreproachable Knight, with heart as pure as a pearl, called all his garrison together, and shared them out to each according to his quality, without keeping a single penny for himself. Then he said to the treasurer, "My friend, I know well enough that, if I chose, I might have a good ransom for you: but I am content with what I have got. When you and your man wish to depart I will have you guided safely into whichsoever of your countrymen's towns you prefer; and nothing more shall be taken from you, neither shall you be searched." For he still had about him, in rings and money, to the value of five hundred ducats or more. The poor treasurer therefore heard this with great satisfaction, and was, by a trumpeter of the good

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Knight's, to whom he gave three crowns, conducted with his man as far as Barletta; very fortunate, considering the accident he had met with, in having fallen into such good hands.

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CHAPTER XXV.

How the good Knight defended a bridge on the river Garigliano by himself, for some time, against two hundred Spaniards.

THE reader may have seen in other histories, how, toward the end of the war carried on between the French and Spaniards in the Kingdom of Naples, the army of the former kept their station a long time beside the river Garigliano, and that of the latter on the opposite bank. It must be understood, that, if there were good and valiant Captains among the French, such were likewise to be found on the side of the Spaniards; amid others, the great Captain Gonsalvo of Cordoba, a wise and vigilant man, with another named Pedro de Paes, who was not three feet high, but as brave a creature as you could any where find. He was so little and so hunch-backed that when he rode you could see nothing but his head above the saddle. One day the said Pedro de Paes took it into his head that he would give an alarm

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to the French, and, with an hundred or an hundred and twenty horse, he set about crossing the Garigliano in a certain place, where he was acquainted with the ford, and had placed behind each horse a footsoldier furnished with an arquebuse. He gave this alarm in order that the army might run thither, abandoning the bridge, while the Spanish force was arriving; and this he carried into effect. He executed his enterprise very well, and raised a sudden and violent alarm in the camp of the French, whither they all retired, thinking the Spaniards were about to make no further effort; but they were deceived.

The good Knight, always anxious to be near the scene of action, had stationed himself hard by the bridge, with a bold Gentleman, one Pierre de Tardes, surnamed *Le Basque*, Equerry to King Lewis XII. These two began to arm when they heard the noise, (whether or no they were soon equipped and mounted need is not to inquire,) intent on flying to the spot where the fray was taking place. But when the good Knight looks on the other side of the river, he spies about two hundred Spanish horse, coming straight toward the bridge to get possession of it; which they would have done without finding much resistance, and thereby

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caused the total destruction of the French army. So he said to his companion: "Master Equerry, my friend, go quickly and seek some of our men to guard this bridge, or we are all ruined; I will endeavour to hold the enemy in play till you come back: but make haste." He obeyed; and the good Knight, grasping his spear, goes to the end of the bridge, which the Spaniards on the other side were already preparing to pass; but he put his lance in the rest, and, like a furious lion, charged the troop, who were now in the very act of crossing. So that three or four were staggered; whereof two fell into the water, and never rose more, the stream being large and deep. That done, much work was cut out for him, he being so fiercely assaulted, that without exceeding good horsemanship he could not have resisted. But, like a chafed tiger, he threw himself against the rail of the bridge, that the enemy might not get behind him, and defended himself so well with the sword, that the Spaniards were confounded, and thought he must be a fiend, not a man. In short, he held out so well and so long, that he gave not up till the Equerry *Le Basque* brought him a considerable reinforcement, namely one hundred gendarms; who, on their arrival, forced the

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Spaniards to abandon the bridge entirely, and pursued them a mile beyond. They would have done more, when they perceived a great troop, consisting of seven or eight hundred horse, coming to succour their foes; whereon the good Knight said to his companions: "Gentlemen, we have done enough to-day in having saved our bridge; let us retire, keeping as close together as we can."

His advice was held good; so they began to retreat in a leisurely manner. Bayard was ever the last, and sustained all the charge, or most part of it, whereby in the long run he found himself hard pressed, on account of his horse, which was so weary that it could hardly support itself, he having fought upon it the whole day. Then the enemies made another great onset, falling all together, like a torrent, upon the French, in such sort that some of them were overthrown. The good Knight's horse was driven back upon a ditch, and there he was surrounded by twenty or thirty, who called out: "*Rende, rende, Señor.*"* He still fought on, and knew not what to say but: "Sirs, I must surrender, for I cannot withstand your whole might alone."

* "Surrender, surrender, Sir."

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His companions were now a good way off, and continued to retire straight toward their bridge, believing the good Knight to be still in the midst of them. When they were at some distance, one among them, named the Chevalier Guiffray, a Gentleman of Dauphiny, and a neighbour of Bayard's, began saying: "Ah! Gentlemen, we have lost every thing! the good Captain Bayard is either dead or taken, for he is not with us. Shall we never learn aught more concerning him? This very day how well hath he conducted us, and how much honour hath he caused us to acquire! I vow to God, that though I go alone, I will return, and gain tidings of him, at the risk of being killed or taken." I cannot tell which of the troop was most afflicted, when they found what Guiffray said to be true. Every one got down to re-adjust his horse's girth, then remounted, and, with invincible courage, set off at a great gallop after the Spaniards, who were carrying away the flower and perfection of all gentility, purely through the fault of his horse; had the animal been able to endure as much as himself, he would never have been taken. It must be understood, that, whilst the Spaniards were retiring, carrying off with them the good Knight, they scorned, by

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reason of their numbers, to strip him of his arms, or take away the sword suspended from his side; though they dispossessed him of a battle-axe which he held in his hand. As they proceeded they asked him continually who he was; but, well knowing that, if he told his real name, he should never escape alive out of their hands, (because the Spaniards dreaded him more than any other individual of the French nation,) he substituted another, telling them, however, that he was a Gentleman. Meantime, the French, his companions, arrive, shouting, "France! France! turn, Spaniards, turn! you shall not thus carry off the flower of Knighthood;" at which cry, the Spaniards, though numerous, were quite astounded. Nevertheless, they received this heavy shock of the French with a good face, but, for all that, several even of the best mounted among them were thrown upon the ground. Which being seen of the good Knight, who was still completely armed, and wanted nothing but a horse, his own being quite spent, he set foot upon the ground, and, without putting it into the stirrup, mounted a gallant courser, from which the Equerry *Le Basque* had tumbled down Salvador de Borgia, Lieutenant of the company of the Marquis *de la*

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Padule, a gallant Gentleman. Seated thereon, he began to perform most surprising feats, crying: "France! France! Bayard! Bayard! whom you have let go." The Spaniards, when they heard that name, and became sensible of their inadvertence in leaving him his arms, after they had taken him, without exacting from him any promise, (for, had he once pledged his word, he would never have gone from it,) lost all heart, and said among themselves: "Let us away to our camp; we shall perform no worthy achievement this day;" and they put their horses into a gallop. The French, seeing night approach, overjoyed at having recovered their very standard of honour, returned in high glee to their camp, where, for a full week, they never ceased talking of their fine adventure, in particular of the prowess of the good Knight.

This same year, King Lewis XII. sent a good number of men into the county of Roussillon, under the conduct of the Lord of Dunois, to reduce it to his authority. But they returned without performing any thing great or honourable. In this expedition died, on the side of the French, a noble Knight named the Lord de la Rochepot.

After that, with whom the blame lay I know not, the French tarried but a short space in the

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Kingdom of Naples, returning to their own country, most of them in poor estate. As they passed by Rome, Pope Julius shewed them a multitude of civilities; for which, however, he made them pay dearly afterward. The valiant Captain Louys d'Ars, who still held some places in Puglia, and in his company the good Knight without fear and without reproach, remained about a year after the return of the French army in the said Kingdom, spite of the whole power of the Spaniards. During this time, they performed many bold sallies and smart skirmishes, whereof they generally carried away the honour. And they would have held these places still longer, had not King Lewis, their master, commanded that they should leave them and repair to him; which they did with regret in the year 1504. They met with a very honourable reception from every one, as they well deserved; especially from their good master the King of France, who, being discreet and wise, took the fortunes of war as it pleased God, his chief refuge, to send them.

I will quit these subjects for a little while, and relate what happened in France and the neighbouring countries during the space of two years.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Of divers events which took place in the course of two years, in France, Spain, and Italy.

After all these occurrences, some cessation from war ensued between the French and Spaniards, not very opportunely for the former, since their enemies had what they wanted, and they not.

In the year 1505 died Joan of France, Duchess of Berry, once the wife of Lewis XII., who, that same year, fell into so grievous a sickness at his town of Blois that his life was despaired of, and himself abandoned by his physicians, and by all human aid. But I believe that, at the entreaty of his people, and by reason of their prayers, (he being greatly beloved, because he had never tyrannised over them and oppressed them with taxes,) our Lord prolonged his days.

In the same year, at Plessis les Tours, died Frederic of Arragon, formerly King of Naples, the last descendant of Peter of Arragon, who, without right or reason, usurped that realm: and

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they who have since held it, and hold it yet, do so by no other title.

In the year 1506 one of the most triumphant and glorious Ladies which the earth hath seen for these thousand years departed this life. I speak of Queen Isabella of Castile, who helped to conquer Granada from the Moors by force of arms. She took the children of the King who then occupied the throne prisoners, and caused them to be baptized. Her life was such that she richly deserves a crown of laurel after death, as I can assure the readers of the present history.

That same year died her son-in-law, who by her death became her heir, Philip of Spain, in his wife's right Archduke of Austria and Count of Flanders.

Pope Julius, by the aid of the King of France, through his Lieutenant General at the Dutchy of Milan, Charles d'Amboise, Lord of Chaumont, a brave and diligent man, conquered Bologna from Messer Giovanni di Bentivoglio; and, by way of recompense and payment, he granted a precious set of indulgences in France. I know not who gave this counsel, but the French were never after exceeding secure in Italy; for, besides that the Pope loved not the French in his heart,

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he fortified himself on this side the Alps against the King's territories in Lombardy. I allude to what followed in the sequel: many at the time found their account in it; for some Captains who governed this Lord of Chaumont got presents of money by it, and some ecclesiastics benefices. In short, it is a base humour that gratifies avarice at the expense of honour, and one that hath ever prevailed more in France than any where else. Though it be the most excellent country in Europe, yet all good lands bear not good fruit, however that come to pass. I agree with him who writ the Romaunt of the Rose, Jean de Meun, that good gifts exalt the donors, but degrade the receivers.

The King of Arragon, a widower by the death of Queen Isabella, took to wife, that same year, Germaine de Foix, the King of France his niece, who was conducted in great triumph to Spain. There came to fetch her the Count of Cifuentes, and a Dominican Bishop. A precious requital hath she made the French for the honours they paid her, from the time she set foot in Spain; all who have been since acquainted with her declare they never met with one less friendly to our nation.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

How the Genoese revolted, and how the King of France passed the mountains, and reduced them to obedience.

I DO not mean to deny that every true Christian should be subject and obedient to the church, but at the same time I must be allowed to say that all her ministers are not good men: whereof I might allege ample proof in the conduct of Pope Julius, who, as a recompense for the good offices done him by King Lewis in putting him, by what title I know not, in possession of Bologna, invited the Genoese, in order to drive the French out of Italy, with subtle and sinister devices, to revolt, and conspire against the nobles, all of whom they forced to abandon the town. They chose for their leader, out of their own body, a mechanic, by trade a dyer, named Pagolo di Nove.

A Genoese Gentleman, named Gian Luigi dal Fiesco, who was strongly attached to the French, the Governor of the little Castle, and many others, sent information of their proceedings to the King

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of France; and as this wise prince, who had much experience in such affairs, perceived that, if not speedily put a stop to, they might breed great disorders, he resolved to pass the mountains, with a vast and mighty force. This he put into effect with all diligence; which the affair demanded. The good Knight was then at Lyons, sick of his quartan ague, which held him for seven years or more. He had met with a sad accident in one arm from a blow of a pike which he had formerly received, and which had been so ill looked after, that it produced an ulcer, not yet completely healed.

On his return from the Kingdom of Naples the King his master had detained him as one of his equerries, till there should be some company of gendarms vacant to provide him with. He thought in his own mind, that, although he were not cured, it would be accounted great baseness in him to do other than follow his Prince; and, regarding no inconvenience, he resolved to march with him. In two or three days he arranged all his matters, and set about crossing the mountains like the rest. The army travelled with such speed that they soon reached the city of Genoa, the inhabitants whereof were much dismayed; for they had hoped in a

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few days to receive great succours from the Pope, and from Romagna, particularly seven or eight thousand of them called *Bresignels*, who are the best footsoldiers in Italy, and very bold in war. Nevertheless they did their utmost, and, at the top of the mountain, by which the French had to pass, they constructed a wonderful strong little fortress, furnished with good soldiers, and with artillery, which struck consternation into the whole army: whereon the King assembled all the Captains that they might consult together what was to be done. There were many different opinions. Some said the army might thereby incur great danger, that there might be a considerable force at the top of the hill which they did not then see, but which might repulse them, if they went thither without sufficient strength, and cause them disgrace. Others said they were but a rabble, and would offer little resistance. The King looked at the good Knight, addressing him with, "Bayard, what think you of the matter?" "On my honour, Sire," replied he, "I know not what to say yet; I must go see what they are doing up there. And for my part, if it please you to give me leave, before an hour be over, unless I be killed or taken, you shall receive information

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thereof." "I pray you do so," said the King; "for you understand these matters." The good Knight delayed not long, but, with divers of his friends and companions, as the Vicomte de Rhodez, the Captain Maugeron, the Lord of Beaudisner, the Bastard de Luppe, and many more, to the number of an hundred or an hundred and twenty, among whom were two noble Lords of the House of Foix, the Lords of Barbasan and of l'Esparre, sons of Viscount Lautrec, caused an alarm to be sounded. His comrades being all assembled, he was the very first to begin climbing the mountain. When they saw him on before many followed, and they toiled hard ere they attained the summit, where they took breath a little, then marched to the fortress, encountering great resistance by the road, and a sharp conflict ensued: however at last the Genoese turned their backs, and the French would have pursued them, but the good Knight called out: "No, Sirs, let us go straight to the little fort. It is possible there may still be men within it, who might inclose us. We must find this out." Every one approved of this advice, and all proceeded thither. The case was as he had told them, there being still two or three hundred men within, who at the

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first set about defending themselves very sturdily: but at length they abandoned the fort, flying like lightning to the bottom of the mountain, in order to gain their town.

Thus the fort was taken, and after that the Genoese achieved no worthy action, but yielded themselves up to the King's mercy, who entered the city, and made the inhabitants defray the charges of his army. Moreover he had a strong Castle, named Codifa, constructed near the city at their expense. Their General was beheaded, with another called Giustiniano: so that they were sufficiently punished for one season.

A little while after, the Kings of France and Arragon, the latter on his return from Naples to Spain, met in the town of Savona: Germaine de Foix, Ferdinand's wife, was there, and conducted herself with strange audacity. She made small account of any of the French, even of her own brother, the noble Duke of Nemours, who will be mentioned hereafter in this history. The King of France entertained the great Captain Gonsalvo Hernandez very honourably; and the King of Arragon treated with high consideration Captain Louys d'Ars, and the good Knight without fear and without reproach, saying these words to King

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Lewis: "My royal brother, happy is the Prince who maintains two such Knights." The Monarchs, after passing some days together, separated, one going into Spain, the other returning to his Dutchy of Milan.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

How the Emperor Maximilian made war on the Venetians, to whose aid the King of France sent Marshal Jean Jacques de Trivulce accompanied by a great force.

After the taking of Genoa, and the interview between the two Kings at Savona, Lewis repaired to his town of Milan, where the Lord Jean Jacques de Trivulce gave him one of the grandest feasts that ever was beheld in the house of a private Nobleman: for from all one can learn there were present at it more than five hundred guests, not including Ladies, of whom there were an hundred or an hundred and twenty, and it was impossible to be better entertained than they were with dishes of the first and of the second course, with farces, plays, and other pastimes.

Then the King returned to France, where, the year following, he was informed by the Venetians, his allies, that the Emperor Maximilian purposed coming to make war upon them in their own country. On this account, they sent an Ambassador of theirs, named Antonio Gondelmare, to implore

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his aid; which he willingly granted, and commanded the Lord Jean Jacques de Trivulce to go thither with six hundred horse, and six thousand foot. He obeyed, and set out to join the Venetian forces, at a place called La Pietra, whither the Emperor's army was already arrived, and would have gone further, had it not been for the coming of Trivulce, which stopped his progress: and after that the Emperor's army did no great things. The Venetians, who are subtle and cautious, thought it better to enter into a composition, than to go on with the war. Therefore they cast about to effect this, and at last succeeded. I believe they produced some money, for that was the one thing in this world which the Emperor stood most in need of. Accordingly he made his army retire; the Lord Jean Jacques, who had not been in any way admitted to a share in this composition, remaining very ill satisfied. He told the Proveditore of the Republic that he should inform the King his master of it, who, in his opinion, would deem it a very strange thing, and be little pleased thereat. This matter continued a while in suspense; mean time Lewis the Twelfth of France, with his good consort the Queen, went to make his entry into Rouen, and

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a very glorious one it was. If the Gentlemen of the town did their duty that day, the very children did no less. There were jousts and tournaments held for the space of eight days. However a league was proposed between the Pope, the Emperor, and the Kings of France and Spain; to conclude which, it was settled by them or their Ambassadors, that they should meet at the town of Cambray, on a certain day appointed by them; thither was sent, on the part of King Lewis, the Cardinal d'Amboise, Legate of France, his nephew, Grand Master of that realm, Lord of Chaumont, and head of the House of Amboise, with many more; and, on the part of the other Princes, Ambassadors with full powers. Whatever conclusion they came to, nothing is more certain than that their view was to ruin the Seigniory of Venice, which then flourished in great pomp, glory, and opulence, but with little knowledge of God, lightly regarding the other Princes of Christendom: whereat perchance our Lord was offended, as it appeared. For before these Plenipotentiaries removed from Cambray they made an alliance for their masters, agreeing to be friends of each other's friends, and enemies of each other's enemies. And then it was settled,

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that after Easter, in the following year 1509, the King of France in person should pass over into Italy, and enter the Venetian territories forty days before any of the rest took the field. I know not with what view they assigned this term, unless it were to feel their way beforehand: and, peradventure, if the King of France had had the worst of it they would have fallen upon him instead of upon the Venetians. To say the truth, it is my belief they wanted to make the French try their fortune first, and to play the children's game, "*If it is good I take it, if it is bad I leave it.*" However this good King Lewis sped so well that he executed his enterprise to his own great honour, and the advantage of his allies, as shall be set forth presently.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

How King Lewis the Twelfth of France made his army march into Italy against the Venetians, and of the victory which he gained over them.

At the end of the year 1508, about the month of March, the King sent his cavalry into the Dutchy of Milan, together with his French adventurers, who were fourteen or fifteen thousand in number. The command and conduct of them he intrusted to good and valiant Captains, to wit, the Lords of Molart, of Richemont, of la Crote, the Count of Roussillon, the Lord of Vendenesse, the Captain Odet, the Cadet of Duras, and many others, of whom each in his own district endeavoured to procure the most worthy associates. The good Knight without fear and without reproach was sent for at this time by the King, who said to him: "Bayard, you know that I am going to cross the Alps, for the sake of chastising the Venetians, who unjustly withhold from me the county of Cremona, Ghiaradadda, and other lands. In this enterprise, though for the present

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I give you the company of Captain Chatelart, (who, I grieve to hear, is dead,) I wish you to have the charge of infantry: your Lieutenant, Captain Pierrepont, who is a very worthy person, shall lead your gendarms." "Sire," replied the good Knight, "I will do as you please. But what number of foot will you give me to conduct?" "A thousand," said the King; "no man hath more." "Sire," replied the good Knight, "they are too many for my abilities; I beseech you suffer me to have but five hundred. I swear to you on my honour, Sire, I will take care to choose such as shall do you service. Methinks even this is a heavy charge for one that would do his duty." "Very well," said the King. "Go quickly to Dauphiny, and be in my Dutchy of Milan by the end of March." Of all the Captains there was none who did not well furnish his band; and they so contrived that, by the end of March, or the beginning of April, they were all transported into Italy, and lodged by garrisons in the Dutchy of Milan.

The Venetians, against whom war had, by this time, been denounced by the Herald Montjoye, prepared to defend themselves, and, being acquainted with the forces of the King of France,

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which were not very numerous, (for he had in all but thirty thousand men, whereof twenty thousand might be infantry, including six thousand Swiss, together with two thousand gendarms,) mustered a gallant army, consisting of above two thousand horse, and full thirty thousand foot. Their Commander in chief was the Count of Pitigliano, and the Captain General of their foot Bartolomeo d'Alviano, who, among his other men, had a fine band of those *Bresignels*, clad in his livery of red and white, all of good family, and bred up to arms. I will not make a long recital of the movements to and fro; but, to speak briefly, the King of France having crossed the Alps, and arrived in his town of Milan, learnt that the Venetians had retaken Trevì, a little town on the river Adda, which had been won from them a few days before by the Grand Master, Lord of Chaumont, and Captains Molart, la Crote, Richemont, and the good Knight, they having repaired thither the first with their men. To this town of Trevì the Venetians had set fire, on account of its having turned to the French, and had led away prisoners all the horse commanded by Captain Fontrailles. A like fate attended Captain de la Porte, the Lord of Estançon, and two other Captains of infantry,

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the Chevalier Blanc, and Captain Ymbault. These tidings being received by the King he marched straight to Casciano, where he had two bridges of boats constructed immediately on the river Adda; by one the horse passed over, and by the other the foot; himself, armed at all points, keeping order the while. His whole force having crossed, on the morrow a little town called Rivolta was taken and sacked; and two days after both armies met in a village of the name of Agnadello, on quitting another called Pandino: and, although the Captains Pitigliano and D'Alviano had express orders from the Republic not to give the King battle, but only to gain time by defending towns and Castles, so as to harass the enemy and wear them out by long delay, D'Alviano, more bold than prudent, would risk an engagement; thinking within himself, like a presumptuous person, that, whether he lost or won, he could never obtain a greater honour than that of having fought a King of France. Desirous therefore to try his fortune, he proceeded straight to battle, wherein the assault was sharp and the tumult deadly. For, to say the truth, the forces of the Republic approved themselves very well at first. During this battle, the Lord Bartolomeo d'Alviano, going to recon-

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noitre the rear of the French army, in the midst whereof came the good Knight, marching with extreme eagerness, and wading up to his middle through ditches of water, was by them attacked on one side, in such sort that he and his troop were greatly dismayed. After that they made not much further effort, but were broken and entirely defeated. The red and whites were left upon the field, and D'Alviano himself, after receiving wounds in many places, was taken prisoner by the Lord of Vendenesse, brother of the noble Lord of La Palisse, and in very truth a little lion.

The Count of Pitigliano, seeing his infantry defeated, would tempt his fate no longer, and soon retired with his troops. He was pursued, but not far, as the footsoldiers detained the French, who, after having done their part, retired, each to his flag, with little damage. Fourteen or fifteen thousand of their enemies remained upon the field. The Lord Bartolomeo was led prisoner to the lodging of the King, who, after dinner, caused a false alarm to be raised, in order to discover whether his men would be on the alert if an affair were really to happen. This Lord D'Alviano was asked what it could be: he replied in his own language: "I can only say that you have a mind to

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fight one another; for as to our men, I can assure you, on my life, they will not visit you this fortnight." And jestingly, as one that well knew his nation, he spoke these words: "The said battle took place on the fourteenth day of May, in the year 1509."

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CHAPTER XXX.

How King Lewis the Twelfth of France gained all the towns and strongholds of the Venetians, even to Peschiera.

THE King of France tarried a day or two on the field of battle. Meantime the Castle of Caravaggio stood a storm: but at the end of two hours it was carried, and, some country fellows being taken therein, the conquerors tried whether their necks were strong enough to carry away a battlement. This intimidated the other strongholds, in such sort that there was not a town or fortified place which would fight, except the Castle of Peschiera, and that, by holding out, incurred the worst consequences, few of them within escaping death or imprisonment. Among these was a Proveditore of the Seigniory with his son, who would have paid a noble ransom; but that availed them nothing, both being hung upon a tree, which was, in my opinion, a great piece of cruelty. A very brave Gentleman, called *Le Lorrain*, to whom their

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word of honour had been pledged, pleaded warmly on their behalf with the Grand Master, the King's Lieutenant General; but was unable to obtain his suit. The King lodged in this same Castle of Peschiera, after having got into his possession all the towns and fortresses he claimed, as Cremona, Crema, Brescia, Bergamo, and an hundred other little places, every one of which he took in five or six days, except the Castle of Cremona; that held out for some time, but surrendered at last. This Prince did more even: for, by means of the battle he had gained, Ravenna, Forli, Imola, Faenza, and many other places which the Venetians held in Romagna, were ceded to Pope Julius; and to the King of Spain Brindici and Otranto, in his own Kingdom of Naples. The keys of Verona, Vicenza and Padua were presented to himself; these he put into the hands of the Emperor, who disputed his right thereto; but kept some of them not over well, whereby ill consequences ensued to him, as you shall see hereafter.

While these events were taking place, the Venetian army retreated, much dismayed, toward Trevisano, and Friuli, imagining that they should certainly be pursued; which they were not; a great misfortune for the Emperor, who, day after

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day, was expected by the King of France in this little town of Peschiera; he having promised to enter a vessel, accompanied as he should judge fit, upon a lake which surrounds part of the said town, that they might confer together more fully on their affairs. Accordingly the Legate d'Amboise had been sent to him at Rovigo, but could nowise induce him to come. Wherefore, when he returned, bringing with him the Bishop of Goritz, the Emperor's Ambassador, sent for the purpose of excusing his master to the King of France in the best way he could, the said King journeyed back to Milan in the beginning of July. Meantime the town of Padua, into which the Emperor had sent only eight hundred Lansquenets to guard it, though it is six miles in circumference, was retaken by the Venetian forces. Messer Andrea Gritti, with another Captain named Lucio Malvezzo, gained entrance therein by a stratagem which I am going to relate. The Venetians had always kept up some understanding in the town. And it is proper to make one observation, that never were there in this world masters more beloved by their subjects than they have ever been, entirely on account of the equal justice they administer amongst them.

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Now you must understand that, in the beginning of July, which is the time of the second hay harvest in Italy, one Tuesday morning, the said Captains, Andrea Gritti, and Lucio Malvezzo, came and placed themselves in ambush about a bow-shot from the town of Padua, (the environs of which are so full of trees that you could see to no great distance there,) with four hundred gendarms, and two thousand foot. Now into this same town much hay was gathered daily, and the carts are made so large in those quarters that in passing through a gate they make their way in a manner by force. On the day of the ambuscade, as soon as it was light, these carts began to enter the town: four having passed, after the fifth came six Venetian gendarms, and, behind each, seated on the same horse a foot-soldier furnished with a loaded arquebuse. With them they took a trumpet, to sound as soon as they had gained the gate, by way of summoning the ambushed body of their force to join them. The few Lansquenets within were keeping careful watch, and had left but two gates open, each of which had constantly at least thirty men to guard it.

There was a Gentleman in the town, called

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Messer Geraldo *Magurin*, who had been apprized by the Seigniory of this undertaking, and charged to arm himself with all of the Venetian party, as soon as he perceived that the affair was begun. No sooner had the fifth cart entered, than the six gendarms who followed it began to cry, "*Marco! Marco!*" the footsoldiers leapt down, and discharged their guns, with such unerring aim that each killed his man. The poor Lansquenets, finding themselves surprised, were much affrighted; but they put themselves into a posture of defence, and sounded the alarm. That availed them little however, for as soon as ever the trumpeter's blast was heard, the great body approached, making a tremendous noise, and shouting "*Marco! Marco! Italia! Italia!*" In another quarter the aforesaid Gentleman, Geraldo *Magurin*, had done his endeavour in the town, whereby more than two thousand men issued from the houses armed with triple-forked spears and javelins: so that the Lansquenets knew not what to do, but to stand close, and rush all together into the market-place, where they offered battle. It was not long ere they were assailed in two or three places; but never did men defend them-

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selves better; for they held out two hours before they were routed.

At length their enemies grew so numerous, that they could resist no longer; they were broken, scattered, and cut to pieces, not one of them obtaining mercy. It was a great pity!—but they sold their lives dear: for of them could not die more than their own number; but they slew past fifteen hundred, as well of the townsmen as of regular soldiers. However the city of Padua was taken, and the Count of Pitigliano, who arrived there soon after, made all haste to repair and fortify it, considering that it would do the Seigniory great service. When these news came to the ears of the Emperor, he was well nigh distraught, and swore to go thither in person and avenge himself: which he did. He wrote a letter to the King of France, who was still at Milan, requesting that he would lend him five hundred horse for three months, to enable him to chastise the Venetians. This was granted, and you shall hear what followed thereupon.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

How the King of France sent the Lord of La Palisse to the Emperor's assistance, with five hundred gendarms, and many Captains, whereof the good Knight without fear and without reproach was one.

When the King of France heard that Padua had revolted, he was much troubled, and the more so because it happened through the fault of the Emperor, who had sent no more than eight hundred Lansquenets to guard such a town. However at his request he ordered the Lord of la Palisse to take five hundred of the bravest gendarms that were in Italy, and repair to the service of the Emperor, then about to enter the Paduan. That Lord, who liked nothing better than such commissions, war being his whole delight, set about making preparations. As he was quitting the Castle of Milan he found the good Knight, to whom he said: "My friend and comrade, shall we two join company?" Then he recounted the affair to him at full length. Bayard, delighted

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to be a partaker in the enterprise, especially in the company of la Palisse, replied courteously; "that he might dispose of him at his pleasure."

At this expedition were also present the Baron of Bearn, who commanded part of the Duke of Nemours his company, the Baron of Conty, who led three hundred horse, the Lord Theode de Trivulce, the Lord Jules de St. Severin, the Lord of Humbercourt, Captain la Clayette, the Lord of la Crote, Lieutenant to the Marquis of Montferrat, and the good Knight. With the five hundred gendarms more than two hundred Gentlemen joined company: among others the Lord of Bucy's eldest son, cousin german to the Grand Master Chaumont, who gave him twenty of his horse; and two gallant Gentlemen, the one a native of Bretagne and a very famous Knight, named the Lord of Bonnet, the other the Lord of Mypont, of the Dutchy of Burgundy; both of whom the good Knight looked upon as brothers, and honoured exceedingly, on account of the great prowess which he knew to be in them. The gentle Lord of la Palisse, having arranged all his affairs, began to march with his companions in the direction of Peschiera. Meanwhile Lewis the Twelfth returned to his Kingdom, leaving his

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Dutchy, and those places which he had conquered from his enemies, in a state of tranquillity. I must observe that, as soon as the Venetians had retaken Padua, they made an excursion to Vicenza which surrendered immediately; for it is not a town to hold out against force. They would have done the same with regard to Verona; but the good Lord of la Palisse, who had been apprized thereof, dislodged with his companions, two hours before daybreak, from a place called Villa Franca, and presented himself before the town; whereby the Venetians were alarmed, and retired toward Vicenza. But, had they gained Verona, the Lord of la Palisse his troops must have been obliged to return: for the town is strong, and a very impetuous river runs through it, so that by the mere efforts of cavalry it would not have been an easy matter to take it.

Great benefit reaped the Lord of la Palisse of his diligence, and of that of the good Knight, who always led the vancouriers. He had then but thirty gendarms under him, but of that number twenty-five deserved to be Captains over an hundred. This whole troop entered Verona, where the Bishop of Trent, who was there for the Emperor, received them with great joy;

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for he had been in a terrible consternation. They only remained two days within the town, heartily welcomed by the inhabitants, and then proceeded to Vicenza: whence they whom the Seigniory had placed there, being informed thereof, decamped, some to Padua, others to Treviso. In Vicenza the Lord of la Palisse and his companions tarried five or six days, awaiting some tidings from the Emperor, who was now said to have taken the field. When they found that he did not approach, they left Vicenza, and repaired to a large village called Castelfranco, where they abode a fortnight. This was ten miles from Padua. Meanwhile the Lord of le Reux arrived at the French camp with some Burgundian gendarms, and about six thousand Lansquenets, conducted by a noble Lord of Germany, valiant and marvellously enterprising, as he hath evinced thoughout his life, and named the Prince of Anhalt. In the beginning of August the Emperor arrived at the foot of the hill below a Castle named Bassano, and all his equipage after him, which, though it had no very high mountain to cross, was eight whole days before it descended into the plain. The Emperor, when he met the Lord of la Palisse, and the French Captains, gave them a cordial greet-

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ing. This first interview took place near a little town called Este, from which the Dukes of Ferrara take their surname. At that time one of the finest armies was assembled there which had been seen for a whole century.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

How the Emperor Maximilian sat down before Padua, and what happened during the course of the siege.

THE Emperor made the French wait a long time for him, which they found very irksome, but when he did reach the plain it was after an imperial manner: and, had his forces done their duty, they would have sufficed to the conquest of a world. It is fitting that I give a description of his train of artillery, which was as follows: he had six hundred pieces of ordnance on wheels, the least whereof was a falcon, and six large brass bombards, which were not capable of being drawn on carriages, but were conveyed along, each on a strong cart, and laden with engines: when to be employed for the purpose of battery they were set down upon the ground, on which occasion the mouth of the piece was raised a little, and a thick log of wood placed underneath, while behind a huge target-fence was erected, for fear of its recoiling. These cannons were loaded with balls of

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stone, for metal ones could not have been carried, and were only able to play four times a-day at the very utmost. The Emperor was accompanied by at least one hundred and twenty Dukes, Counts, Marquisses, and other Princes and Lords of Germany, about twelve thousand horse, and five or six hundred gendarms from Burgundy and Hainault. The German infantry could hardly be counted, but they were reckoned at more than fifty thousand. The Cardinal of Ferrara came to the Emperor's succour in lieu of his brother, and brought twelve pieces of artillery, five hundred horse, and three thousand foot. As many, or nearly so, brought the Cardinal of Mantua. In fine, including the French troops, the number of combatants on the field was calculated at one hundred thousand. A great want was experienced in regard to the artillery, there being means of conveyance for not more than one half of it; and, when the army marched, part were under the necessity of remaining to guard it, till the first division was unloaded in the camp, where they were to take up their quarters, and then the cart returned to fetch the rest; which was exceeding troublesome. The Emperor got up betimes, and made his army march forthwith, nor would

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he pitch his tent till two or three hours past noon, which, at that time of year, was by no means refreshing to troops with their helmets on.

The first encampment that he made was near the Palace of the Queen of Cyprus, eight miles distant from Padua. There arrived a young French Gentleman, the Lord of Millaut, a bold enterprising Captain, and son of a wise and valiant Knight, the Lord of Alegre, with a thousand or twelve hundred French adventurers, all chosen men, and fit for skirmishing. In this camp it was determined to go and besiege Padua, a council being held, wherein there was a diversity of opinions; for the Emperor's Lieutenant General, a Greek, named the Lord Constantine, wanted to do every thing of his own head, which produced very ill consequences to his master in the end, as you shall hear. He lay under some suspicion of treachery, and the Lord of la Palisse wished to fight him thereupon, but could never bring him to the point. Let us now leave this matter, till it again become necessary to speak of it. A resolution was formed at the said council of laying siege to Padua, and that in the approaches the French gendarms should go foremost, together with the Prince of Anhalt, and his Lans-

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quenets, the noblest band of all the Germans: but that first it was absolutely necessary to take a little town called Monselicé, where there was a very strong Castle, six or seven miles from Padua: because the garrison which the Seigniory had placed therein, might have terribly harassed the camp, and intercepted provisions coming to it.

Next morning the army departed, and went to take up their quarters half a mile from this little town, which held not out against them, for it was but of small strength. The Castle might have been defended for a long time, had the knaves within been good for any thing; but their hearts failed them immediately. The approaches being made, when the artillery had effected but a very slight and inconvenient breach, the alarm was sounded for the commencement of the assault. It was necessary to go up a good bow-shot, but Captain Millaut's French adventurers arrived on a sudden, and seemed as if they had not tasted food for a week, so light were they. The garrison made some resistance, but did not stand out long; for in a quarter of an hour they were overcome, and all cut to pieces. These adventurers gained a rich booty there, among other things seven or eight and twenty admirable horses. The town

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and Castle were given into the hands of the Duke of Ferrara, who laid claim to them: but he paid thirty thousand ducats in exchange. Two days after the taking of Monselicé the army removed, making straight for Padua, to which siege was laid.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

How the Emperor Maximilian laid siege to Padua, and of the gallant approaches made by the French Gentlemen, together with a great instance of courage exhibited by the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

AFTER the taking of the town and Castle of Monselicé, and the delivery of them into the hands of the Cardinal of Ferrara, who attended for his brother, a good garrison was placed therein by the said Cardinal. The Duke was making war on the Venetians in a different quarter. That same year he gave them a defeat on the Po, which cost them little less than the battle the King of France won from them. For, in the intent of laying waste a portion of territory adjoining the Ferrarese, called Polesino di Rovigo, the Venetians embarked fourteen or fifteen gallies on the river Po, with three or four thousand men therein, and sailed from Chiozza to Francolino. But the Duke of Ferrara had constructed two small fortresses, one near the tower of *Loiselin*, the

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other at *Popos*, which are opposite to each other, had placed three or four thousand effective men within them, and launched four good gallies on the Po well armed and manned. He knew that the greater part of his enemies were disembarked, he sought and conquered them, not one escaping. Then with his gallies and other great boats he proceeded to fight their vessels, which were almost all stripped of their men. Two of them were destroyed, and six taken, with all the crews and artillery, which consisted of thirty good brass cannons, not to mention hand guns. It was a glorious victory, and won at little expense, except the death of Count Ludovico della Mirandola, who was killed by a cannon-ball. The Venetians sustained a great and grievous loss.

Let us now return to the camp of the Emperor. The army removed from Monselicé, and advanced in one journey till they were not more than a mile off Padua, which is a very large city, and difficult of approach. Within was the Count of Pitigliano, accompanied by one thousand gendarms, twelve thousand foot, and full two hundred pieces of artillery: and however closely they were besieged, the inhabitants could never be deprived of the use of a canal, which passes through the

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town and goes to Venice, that city being only eighteen miles distant from Padua. When the army had thus approached the town, the Emperor assembled all his Captains, specially the French, whom he greatly honoured, to consult when the siege should be planted. Each delivered his opinion; but it was finally concluded on that the principal camp, which was to contain the Emperor in person, together with the French, should be pitched near the gate leading to Vicenza. At another gate higher up the Cardinal of Ferrara, the Burgundians and Hainaulters, with ten thousand Lansquenets, were to be stationed; at one below the Cardinal of Mantua, his brother the Lord Giovanni of Mantua, and the Prince of Anhalt's troop of Lansquenets, in order that each of these two bands might be succoured by the main camp, if it should be necessary. This arrangement was approved, and the army had nothing to do but to march.

The good Knight was ordered to the approaches, and had in his company the young Lord of Bucy, and Captains La Clayette and La Crote. Now in order to reach the gate looking toward Vicenza it was necessary to enter a large and perfectly straight road, where four great barriers had

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been constructed, two hundred paces from one another, with combatants posted at each of them. On both sides of this way, as is known to those who have been in Italy, there were ditches, on which account they could only be attacked in front. On the city walls much artillery was planted, which the Venetians discharged as thick as hail upon the French, when they entered the great road. Notwithstanding that, the good Knight and his companions began to skirmish, advancing briskly to the first barricade, at which there ensued a vigorous contest, and much firing of guns; however, it was gained, and the enemies driven back to the second. If there was good fighting at the first barrier, at this there was still better. The young Lord of Bucy was shot in the arm, and his horse killed under him; nevertheless it was not possible to make him retire, and no man fought more bravely than he that day.

Captain Millaut arrived at this second barricade with an hundred or an hundred and twenty peasants, whom he had previously exercised, and who made great havock. I must observe that these approaches were carried on at mid-day, so that there was plenty of light to see who fought the best. The assault endured a good half hour at

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this second barrier, at the end whereof it was carried: and so hotly were they pursued who guarded it, that they had no leisure to remain at the third, but were forced to abandon it without a struggle, and betake themselves to the fourth, which was defended by a thousand or twelve hundred men, and three or four falconets; these began to play along the great road, but did little execution, except killing two horses. This barricade was but a stone's throw from the city bulwark, which inspired the men of the Republic with great resolution to fight well: and they did accordingly, for the conflict lasted an hour in that place, being carried on with pikes and arquebuses.

When the good Knight found it continue for such a length of time, he said to his companions, "Gentlemen, these people detain us too long: let us get down upon our feet, and press forward to the barricade." So they dismounted immediately, to the number of thirty or forty gendarms, and, raising their visors, and couching their lances, drove straight on to the barricade. The gentle Prince of Anhalt was always by the side of the good Knight; with him also was the Lord of Millaut, attended by two others, one known by the name of great John of Picardy, and Captain Maulevrier,

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who made much slaughter; but the Venetians were ever and anon relieved by fresh forces. The good Knight, perceiving that, exclaimed aloud: "Gentlemen, they will keep us here six years at this rate, for they have new succours sent them continually. Let us make a resolute attack upon them, and every one follow me." To this proposal all assented: whereon he cried: "Sound, trumpeter!" and, like a lion robbed of its whelps, advanced with his companions to make a fearful onset, so that he obliged the enemy to retire a pike's length from the barricade; then calling out: "On, comrades, they are ours!" he proceeded to leap the same, and after him thirty or forty more, who met with a sharp reception. However, when the French saw the jeopardy their companions had put themselves in, they all began to pass over to them, and, crying: "*France! France! Empire! Empire!*" made such an assault upon their enemies that they forced them to abandon the place, turn their backs, forsake every thing, and retire almost routed into the town.

Thus were the barricades before Padua won at mid-day, whereby the French, horse as well as foot, acquired great honour, above all the good Knight, to whom the glory was universally ascribed.

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So the approaches were made, and the artillery was brought to the edge of the foss, where it remained for six weeks, till such time as the siege was raised, which happened in the manner that I shall relate hereafter.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

Of the great and formidable battery which was carried on before Padua, and of the vast breach that was effected there.

THE works being made before Padua, and the artillery planted, each repaired to the quarters assigned him, in the three camps, according to the order that hath been described. The number of people was so great that the said camp extended on all sides over more than four miles of territory: and it was a remarkable circumstance, that, during the siege, which lasted about two months, the foragers never had to go farther than six miles in the country to procure plenty of hay, corn, oats, meat, poultry, wine, and other necessaries both for men and horses. So great abundance was there that, when the siege was raised, the army burnt one hundred thousand ducats' worth of victuals, which they had provided in the expectation that it would have continued longer. This is an incident;—let us return to the main subject.

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On the day after the approaches, the cannoniers began to do their part; the storming lasted eight days, and was the most impetuous and terrible that had been witnessed for a century before; above twenty thousand shots of artillery being discharged from the three camps. If the Emperor and his people served the men of the town unsparingly with cannon-balls, you may be sure they received the like measure from them again; nay, the obligation was returned two-fold. In short the town was so well battered that all the three breaches were made into one. During this time a cannonier of the Emperor's was taken, it being discovered that, instead of firing into the town, he turned his battery on his own people. It was said that the Lord Constantine instigated him to it, and, what was worse, that he sent the Count of Pitigliano daily information of all he designed to do. I know not whether there were any truth in this or no, but, as for the cannonier, he was put upon a mortar, and shot piecemeal into the town. Many invectives were poured upon the Lord Constantine, but the fact could not be proved against him. The Lord of la Palisse called him a base villain, and declared he would fight him; but he replied nothing to the purpose, and referred the

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matter directly to the Emperor, who was quite infatuated with him.

Now these three breaches, being combined, formed one of the extent of four or five hundred paces; which was an excellent passage to make the attack by; for as to the ditches they were of no great consequence. But the Count of Pitigliano had so well ordered the town within that, had five hundred thousand men appeared before it, they could not have entered against the will of the inhabitants: I will explain to you how this was brought about. Behind the breach the Count had caused a flat-bottomed ditch or trench, twenty feet deep, and almost as many in width, to be dug, plenty of fagots and old wood well sprinkled with gunpowder being laid therein; and at every hundred paces there was a bastion of earth furnished with artillery, which played along this trench. After the enemy should have passed that, were such a thing possible, the whole Venetian army assembled in the city, cavalry and infantry, were ready to join battle; for there was a fine esplanade, on which twenty thousand men, horse and foot, were capable of being disposed: and behind were platforms whereon twenty or thirty pieces of ordnance had been mounted, which they might

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have fired over their own forces, without doing them any hurt, straight to the breach.

Of this terrible danger the French were advertised by certain prisoners, taken in skirmishes, and sent back on payment of their ransom, to whom the Count had revealed all these things, in order that they might represent them to the Lord of la Palisse, and to the French Captains. Moreover on dismissing them he spoke these words: "I hope my friends, with God's aid, that the King of France and the Seignory of Venice will some day return to their former state of amity; and, were it not for the French who are with the Emperor, believe me, in less than four and twenty hours, I would sally from this town, and oblige him disgracefully to raise the siege." I know not how he could have done that, seeing the numerousness of his adversaries. These discourses were repeated to the Captains of France; who gave no heed to them, they being employed by their master in the service of the Emperor, and bound to do what he ordered them. I have already described the notable breach that had been made in the town, and which was more than sufficient to admit one thousand men abreast; whereof the

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Emperor was duly certified. He therefore resolved on making the assault, as you will presently hear. But first I shall speak of an enterprise executed by the good Knight and his companions.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach, during the siege of Padua, made a hostile irruption with his associates, wherein he acquired great honour.

At the time of the siege of Padua alarms often came to the Emperor's camp, as well on account of the sallies which the townsfolk made, as of their people which were in garrison at Treviso, a good and strong town, situated twenty or five and twenty miles from Padua. Therein, among other Captains, was Messer Lucio Malvezzo, an enterprising warrior if there was one upon earth. Twice or thrice a week did he rouse the Emperor's camp without aid of trumpet, and, if he saw that he could effect any thing, spared himself not among his enemies; on the other hand, if that was out of his power, he retired very discreetly, never losing a single man.

This course was pursued by him so long that he came to be prodigiously talked of. From such a method of proceeding the good Knight

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received great annoyance: and, without making any noise about it, from spies to whom he was so liberal of money that they would sooner have died than deceived him, he gained much intelligence respecting the motions of the said Malvezzo; so that he determined to go and meet him in the open field. Accordingly, seeking two of his companions, who lodged in the same house with him, the one Captain La Clayette, and the other the Lord of La Crote, both gallant and victorious leaders, he thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, this Captain Malvezzo gives us much disturbance. Day hath scarcely dawned ere he comes and awakens us;—no one is spoken of but he;—I am not jealous of his great exploits, but grieved that he is not made to form a different notion of us. I have learnt much concerning his affairs. If you will come forth to battle you shall see somewhat; I hope that we shall meet with him tomorrow morning; for it is two days since he gave us the alarm." His comrades both replied, "We will go wherever you like." "Then let each of you," said Bayard, "arm thirty of the bravest gendarms he hath two hours after midnight. I will bring my own company, and the good fellows that are with me, Bonnet, Mypont,

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Cossey, Brezon, and others, whom you know as well as I. Without blowing a trumpet, or making any noise, let us mount our horses: and depend upon me for providing an excellent guide." As he said so it was done. And, between the hours of two and three, in the month of September, they went to horse, putting their guide before them, whom they kept closely guarded by four archers, and gave to understand that he would receive good payment if he did his duty, but that, if he played false, his life must answer for it. Bayard had made this regulation, because spies are frequently arrant knaves, and cause the loss to fall on which side they please. The one in question however did his duty very well; and conducted them full ten miles into the country, till day began to appear. Then they went to view a great Palace, inclosed by a long wall; whereon the spy said to the good Knight: "Sir, should Captain Lucio Malvezzo come to-day out of Treviso, to visit your camp, he must of necessity pass this place. If you think fit to conceal yourself in that edifice, which is now deserted, by reason of the war, you may see him go by, and he will not be able to see you." The Captains all approved of the scheme, and posted themselves with-

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in; where, after staying about two hours, they heard a great noise of horses.

The good Knight had made an old archer of his company, called Monart, a man of as much experience in war as any living, climb up into a dovecot, to discover who these might be that were about to pass by, and what their number. The same espied Messer Lucio Malvezzo coming along at a good distance, accompanied, as far as he could judge, by one hundred gendarms, with helmets on their heads, and full two hundred Albanians, conducted by a Captain of the name of Scanderbeg, all well mounted, and, to appearance, effective men. They passed by a stone's throw from the edifice where the French lay in ambush. When they had advanced beyond it Monart joyfully descended, and made his report. Well pleased were one and all; and the good Knight enjoined them to adjust their horses' girths. Now there was not a page or groom in the band: for so it had been ordained. He said to his companions, "Gentlemen, we have not met with so noble an adventure these ten years: if we are brave fellows they are twice as many as we; but that is nothing: let us go after them." "Let us go, let us go!" cried the rest.

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Accordingly, having mounted their horses, they opened the gate, and set off at a quick trot after their enemies. They had not gone a mile when they spied them on a fine large road. Then the good Knight said, "Blow, trumpet, blow!" which he did incontinently. The Venetian Captains, who had never suspected that there were people behind them, thought it was some of their own men who chose to quicken their pace. Howbeit they halted, and long enough to discover that it was in very deed the enemy. They were somewhat dismayed to find themselves inclosed between the Emperor's camp, and those whom they beheld, so that they must either face them or do worse. Some comfort however they derived from the small number of their pursuers. Captain Lucio Malvezzo, with an undaunted mien, enjoined all his men to fight bravely; representing to them that they must of necessity either vanquish or be vanquished. On both sides of the road were great ditches. A gendarm, unless very well mounted, would not have ventured to leap across, for fear of falling into them. Fight they must therefore, let it be how it would.

So the trumpets on both sides began to sound, and they, from the distance of a bow-shot, or

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thereabout, to rush upon each other, one party crying: "*Empire! Empire! France! France!*" the other: "*Marco! Marco!*"—verily it was a pleasure to hear them. In this first charge many men were borne down to the ground. Specially Bonnet made a push with his lance which pierced one of the adverse troop through and through. Every one did his best. The Albanians quitted the great road, and deserted their cavalry, in order to take the French behind; which the good Knight perceiving said to Captain La Crote: "Comrade, guard the rear, that we may not be surrounded. The day is our's." It was done accordingly, and when the Albanians thought to approach they were encountered, and soundly beaten; insomuch that a dozen remained upon the ground, and the rest betook themselves to flight. The gentle Captain La Crote pursued them not far, but returned to the main business in hand. However on his arrival he found the Venetians routed, and every one intent upon taking his prisoner. Messer Lucio Malvezzo, who was advantageously mounted, quitted the high road, together with twenty or thirty that were the best furnished in regard of horses, and made with all speed for Treviso. They were followed a little

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way; but vainly, so well did their steeds serve them, in addition to the hearty endeavour of the riders. The pursuers therefore retired, and began to return with their prisoners, which were more in number than themselves. For there were as many as an hundred and sixty or an hundred and eighty taken, whom they deprived of their swords and maces, and placed in the midst of them.

Arrived at their camp they found the Emperor walking in the vicinage; who, spying the great dust, sent a French Gentleman of his household, named Louys du Peschin, to learn the occasion of it: the same quickly returned, and said: "Sire, it is the good Knight Bayard, and Captains La Clayette and La Crote, who have had the finest rencounter that hath taken place these hundred years. They have more prisoners than soldiers, and have gained two standards." The Emperor was highly delighted. He drew nigh to the French, and wished them a good evening, they saluting him in fashion suitable to so august a Prince. He commended each Captain in his turn prodigiously; then said to the good Knight: "Lord of Bayard, my brother, your master, is very fortunate in having a servant like you. I would give an hundred thousand florins a year for

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a dozen such." The good Knight made answer: "Sire, you are pleased to say so, and for your commendations most humbly I thank you. Thus much I have in my power to promise, that, while my master is your ally, you shall nowhere find a better servant than myself."

The Emperor thanked him, and Bayard and his comrades took their leave and withdrew, each to his lodgings. Never was so great noise made before in any camp as this noble enterprise occasioned, whereof the good Knight carried away the chief honour; though, in all companies, he ascribed the merit of it entirely to his two companions; for a more sweet, and courteous Knight the whole world could not produce. I shall make an end of this discourse, and relate another excursion which the good Knight took, unaccompanied save by his own band.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

Of another excursion made by the good Knight without fear and without reproach, wherein sixty Albanians and thirty cross-bow men were taken.

THREE or four days after the excursion which Captains La Crote and Clayette and the good Knight made together, this last was informed by one of his spies, that Captain Scanderbeg and his Albanians, with a troop of cross-bow men, headed by Captain Rinaldo Contareni, had retired into a Castle named Bassano, and that they every day fell upon those who were coming to the camp, and on the Lansquenets who were returning into Germany to secure the cattle they had got from the enemy: in such sort that in the last two or three days they had defeated several hundred men, and recovered above four or five hundred cows and oxen, which they had carried into this Castle of Bassano. And, if they were willing to encounter them some morning in a pass

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at the foot of the mountain below the said Castle, they could not fail to meet with them.

The good Knight, who had always found this spy to be depended on, and had moreover enriched him with more than two hundred ducats, resolved to go thither, without saying a word to any body; for he was very certain, as he understood there were only two hundred light horse in all, that he might easily defy that number with his thirty gendarms, they being all chosen men. However he had eight or ten Gentlemen with him, who had accompanied him to the Emperor's camp of their own accord, and solely for the good will they bore him. These, with his own company, were not men to be defeated in a few hours. He told them of the enterprise he had in contemplation, to know if they chose to be partakers in it. They were delighted with the proposal, and desired nothing better. Wherefore, an hour before day-break, on a Saturday, in the month of September, they mounted their horses, and went fifteen miles without stopping, till they arrived at the pass whither the spy was conducting them, but so secretly that they were espied by no one. This was about the distance of a cannon-shot from the Castle. There they lay in wait, and had

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not tarried long when they heard a trumpet in the said Castle sounding to horse; whereat they were greatly rejoiced.

The good Knight asked his spy what road he thought they would take. He replied: "Whithersoever they are bound, they must perforce go over a little wooden bridge, a mile hence, which two men only might keep against five hundred. But, when they have passed this bridge, you shall send a few of your people to guard it, and hinder them from returning to the Castle, and I will conduct you behind this mountain to a pass I know of, so that you shall not fail to meet with them in the plain, between this spot and the Palace of the Queen of Cyprus." "Well counselled," quoth the good Knight: "who will remain at the bridge?" The Lord of Bonnet said: "My companion Mypont and I will guard it if you please, and you shall leave some people with us." "I am willing," said he: "Little John de la Vergne, and such and such, to the number of six gendarms, and ten or twelve archers, shall bear you company."

While they were discussing this matter they saw the Albanians and cross-bow men descend from the Castle, persuaded that they were going

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to a marriage-feast, and to gain the fair spoils they had done the two preceding days: but it fell out far otherwise, as you shall hear. When they were gone by, Bonnet set out for the bridge with his people, and the good Knight, with the remainder of his company, for the pass, conducted by the spy, who guided him so well, that, in less than half an hour, he brought him to the plain, where you might have seen a man on horseback six miles off. They descried their enemies at the distance of a long culverin shot or thereabouts, on the way to Vicenza, where they expected to find their prey. The good Knight called the bastard Du Fay, his Standardbearer, and said to him: "Captain, take twenty of your archers, and go skirmish with these people. When they see you so few, they will attack you no doubt; in that case, turn your horses' heads, as though you were afraid, and bring them hither; I shall await you by the side of this mountain, and you shall see good sport." He needed not twice telling, being thoroughly versed in the art of war, but begun to march till he came into the enemy's view.

Captain Scanderbeg, delighted at this rencounter, begun to march fiercely with his men, till he recognised the French by the white crosses.

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Whereat his band commenced an attack upon them, crying: "*Marco! Marco!*" Du Fay, who had his lesson by heart, made as though he were affrighted, and set about returning. He was briskly pursued, and beaten back to the place where the good Knight lay in ambush; he with his men, helmet on head, and sword in hand, burst upon them like a lion, shouting "*France! France! Empire! Empire!*" In this first charge above thirty of the enemy were thrown out of saddle. The assault at the beginning was fierce and vehement; finally, however, the Albanians and cross-bow men took to flight, at a great gallop, thinking to gain Bassano, the way to which they were well acquainted with. If they ran their best, the French pursued their best; but their light horses went so well that the good Knight would have lost his prey had it not been for the bridge guarded by Bonnet, who with his companion Mypont forbade the enemies' passing. So that Captain Scanderbeg found they must either fight, or fly at a venture. They preferred the latter course. But the French made such good use of their spurs that sixty Albanians and thirty cross-bow men were taken, with two Captains. The remainder traversed the country to Trevisano.

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Six days before a young Gentleman from Dauphiny named Guy Guiffry, son of the Lord of Boutieres, and not above sixteen or seventeen years old, had been made archer of the good Knight's company; he was sprung of a good stock, and had a desire to emulate his kindred. During the combat he saw the Standardbearer of Rinaldo Contareni's cross-bow men throw himself over a ditch in the intent of escaping. The youth, desirous to try his strength, leapt after him, and gave him so hard a thrust with his demi-lance, that he broke it, and brought the man to the ground. Then he grasped his sword, and cried out to him: "Yield, Ensign, or I kill thee!" The Ensign, who had no wish to die just then, gave up his sword and flag, and surrendered to the young lad, who was gladder than if he had got ten thousand crowns. So he made him remount, and led him straight to the good Knight, who caused the retreat to be sounded, having got more prisoners than he knew what to do with. Bonnet saw the young Boutieres coming from afar, and said: "Sir, I pray you, look at Guy coming along with a prisoner and a standard that he hath taken;" at these words he arrived. The good Knight, when he knew of it, received as

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much pleasure thereat as ever he had done at any thing in his whole life, and said: "How, Boutieres, have you won this standard and taken this prisoner?" "Yes, my Lord," replied he: "such was God's will; he did wisely to surrender, otherwise I should have killed him." At this all the company laughed, especially the good Knight, who was highly pleased, and said: "My good friend Boutieres, you have made a worthy beginning; God grant you may persevere in the same course!" And it did so come to pass, for afterwards, by means of his deserts, he became Lieutenant of an hundred gendarms, which the King of France gave to the good Knight on account of his gallant defence of Mesieres against the Emperor's army; whereof you will hear in due season.

After these discourses the good Knight said to Mypont, Bonnet, and Captain Pierrepont, at that time his Lieutenant, an honourable, sage, and valiant Knight, and to those of highest consideration in his company: "Gentlemen, we must have this Castle, for there is abundance of booty within, which will fall into the hands of our people." "That would be well," rejoined they, "but it is strong, and we have no artillery." "Hold your

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peace!" said he; "I know a method by which I can have it in a quarter of an hour." He called for the two Captains, Scanderbeg, and Rinaldo Contareni, and said to them: "Gentlemen, you must cause this place to be delivered up immediately; for I am persuaded it is in your power to do so: if you refuse, I vow to God, I will have your heads cut off before the gate this very hour." They replied that they would effect as much if possible; and so they did; for it was held by a nephew of Scanderbeg's, who gave it up as soon as his uncle had spoken with him.

The good Knight and his whole company went up to the Castle, and there found more than five hundred cows and oxen, with a great deal of other booty, which was equally divided, to the content of every one. The cattle was taken to Vicenza to be sold. They had their horses well fed, and got wherewith to regale themselves likewise. The good Knight made the two Venetian Captains sit at his table, and, just as they were about to finish their repast, the little Boutieres arrived; he came to see his Captain, and brought with him the prisoner he had taken, who was twice his height, and thirty years of age. When the good Knight saw him he begun to laugh, and

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said to the two Venetian Captains: "Gentlemen, this young lad, who was a page but six days ago, and whose beard is barely of three years' growth, hath taken your Standardbearer: it is a strange circumstance. I know not what is customary with you; we French are wont to intrust none but the most able with our standards." The Venetian Ensign was abashed, and saw that he had forfeited his honour on this occasion: so he said in his own tongue: "Faith, Captain, I surrendered to him that took me not through fear of him, for he of himself is not a person to make me prisoner. I might easily have escaped out of his hands, or of a better warrior than he, but I could not contend with your whole troop alone." The good Knight looked at Boutieres, and said: "Do you hear what your prisoner says, that you are not a man to take him?" The boy was moved, and replied with heat: "My Lord, I entreat you to grant me a boon." "Ay, marry," quoth the good Knight: "what is it?" "It is," said he, "that I may restore to my prisoner his arms, and his horse, that I may mount myself, and that we may both go down below there; if I conquer him a second time let him look for nothing but death, which I vow before God he shall receive at my

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hands; if he escape, I will give him his ransom." Never had a proposal been made to the good Knight with which he was better pleased, and he cried aloud: "In good sooth you have my permission." Which, however, proved superfluous, as the Venetian would not accept the challenge, thereby gaining little honour, and young Boutieres, on the other hand, much.

After dinner the good Knight and the French remounted and returned to the camp, whither they brought their prisoners. This noble capture was talked about for more than eight days, and the good Knight gained great applause on account of it from the Emperor, and from all the Germans, Hainaulters, and Burgundians. Specially the good Lord of la Palisse made marvellous rejoicing thereat; to him was told the story of the little Boutieres' exploit, and how he had challenged his prisoner. What merriment this excited in the camp may easily be imagined. The Lord of la Palisse said he had been long acquainted with the race of the Boutieres, and knew all of that House to be gallant Gentlemen." Such was the success wherewith this adventure of the good Knight without fear and without reproach was attended.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

How the Emperor resolved to assault Padua, and of the reason why he broke off the siege.

I HAVE heretofore related how the artillery of the Emperor, of the Duke of Ferrara, and of the Marquis of Mantua had made three breaches, which coalesced into one half a mile, or little less, in extent. This the Emperor, accompanied by his Princes and Lords of Germany, went one morning to take a survey of. He was amazed at it, and took great shame to himself, that, accompanied by so numerous a force as he was, he had not ordered the assault to be made before. For, during the preceding three days, the cannoniers had only lost their labour by firing into the town, because in the part they occupied the wall was completely destroyed. Wherefore, having returned to his own lodging, which was not more than a stone's throw from that of la Palisse, he called for a French secretary of his, and made him write a letter to the said Lord in substance as

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follows: "My cousin, I went this morning to view the breach in the town, which I find more than sufficient for such as will do their duty, and I deem it expedient that the attack should be made there this day. I therefore request of you that, as soon as you shall hear my great drum sound, which will be about noon, you will prepare all the French Gentlemen under your command, and, by order of my brother, the King of France, in my service, to repair to the said assault along with my foot-soldiers. And I hope, with God's aid, that we shall carry the place."

The same secretary that had writ the letter was sent with it to the Lord of la Palisse, to whom this appeared a very strange procedure. However he dissembled his thoughts, and said to the secretary: "I am astonished that the Emperor hath not sent for my companions and me to deliberate more advisedly on this affair. However you may tell him that I shall have them called hither, and shew them the letter. I believe that not one will fail of yielding obedience to what the Emperor is pleased to command." The secretary returned to deliver his message, and the Lord of la Palisse sent for all the French Captains, who repaired to his tent. It had already been noised

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throughout the camp that the assault was to be made upon the town at mid-day, or soon after. Then were the priests, (a marvellous circumstance,) retained by sums of gold to hear confession, all feeling anxious to be put into a good state at such a juncture. And many gendarms gave them their purses to keep: by reason whereof no doubt their reverences would have been far from displeased had they, whose money they were intrusted with, fallen in the assault.

One thing I must remark to the readers of this history, namely, that so much money had not been seen for five hundred years in any Prince's camp, as was in this. Not a day passed but three or four hundred Lansquenets stole away into Germany carrying off cows, oxen, beds, corn, silk for spinning, and other useful articles. So that the loss sustained by the Paduan, as well in moveables, as in houses and Palaces burnt and destroyed, amounted to two millions of crowns. Now let us return to our subject. The French Captains, on arriving at the lodging of the Lord of la Palisse, were accosted by him in these words: "Gentlemen, it is fit we dine: for I have something to tell you, which, if you heard it beforehand, might

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perhaps prevent you from making good cheer." These words were spoken in jest, for he knew his companions well, and that not one among them but was a second Hector, nay Orlando; particularly the good Knight, who was never in his life overcome by aught he either saw or heard.

During dinner they did nothing but break jests on one another. The Lord of la Palisse ever bent his raillery upon the Lord of Humbercourt, who paid him back in his own coin, with all honourable and pleasant speeches. I believe the names of the French Captains assembled there have been mentioned already; and it is my opinion that the whole of the rest of Europe could not have furnished as many like unto them. After dinner all were ordered to quit the apartment except the Captains; to them the Lord of la Palisse communicated the Emperor's letter, which was read twice over, in order to the better understanding thereof. This done, each looked laughing at the other, to see who would begin to speak first. So the Lord of Humbercourt said, addressing himself to the Lord of la Palisse: "There needs not so much pondering, my Lord; send word to the Emperor that we are all in readiness. I begin

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to tire of the country, for the nights are cold, and moreover good wines are about to fail us." Whereat every one laughed.

There was none of the Captains that did not speak before the good Knight, and all agreed to the Lord of Humbercourt's proposal. The Lord of la Palisse looked at him, and perceived that he pretended to be picking his teeth, as though he had not heard what his companions had proposed. So he said smiling: "Ha! you Hercules of France, what say you to the matter? This is no time to pick teeth: the Emperor must have our answer forthwith."

The good Knight, who had ever a habit of jesting, replied pleasantly: "If we are to believe my Lord of Humbercourt, we have nothing to do but to proceed, one and all of us, straight to the breach. Yet, as I conceive it sorry pastime for gendarms to go afoot, I would willingly be excused. However, since I needs must deliver my opinion, you shall have it. The Emperor commands in his letter that you should make all the French Gentlemen go on foot to the assault, together with his Lansquenets. For my particular, though I am not possessed of much wealth, yet I am a Gentleman. All of you are great Lords, and

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of great families. So are many of our gendarms. Does the Emperor deem it a fitting thing to place such a number of noble persons in risk and jeopardy along with footsoldiers, whereof one is a shoe-maker, another a baker, another a blacksmith, mechanics who are not so chary of their honour as men of high degree? There is something unseemly in this arrangement, saving his grace. My advice is, that you, my Lord," pursued he, addressing la Palisse, "should return the Emperor the following reply: namely, that you have assembled your Captains agreeably to his desire, and that they are determined to execute his orders, according as they were instructed by the King, their master. He knows well that the King of France admits none but persons of gentle birth into the number of his ordinary men of arms. To put such among footsoldiers, who are of low rank, would be treating them with too great a want of consideration. But there are many Counts, Lords, and Gentlemen of Germany; let him order them to go on foot, with the gendarms of France, who, in that case, will readily shew them the way. His Lansquenets may follow, if the enterprise afford a prospect of success." When the good Knight had uttered his sentiments they were com-

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bated by no one, but were accounted just and reasonable. So this reply was returned to the Emperor, who thought it a very proper one, and forthwith had his drums and trumpets hastily sounded, to call together his retinue, which contained all the Princes, Lords, and Captains of Germany, Burgundy, and Hainault. Being met, they were informed by the Emperor how he had resolved upon assaulting the town within an hour, and had communicated this his intention to the French Gentlemen, who were ready enough to do their parts in the undertaking: but had besought him that the Gentlemen of Germany might go along with them, in which case they would willingly lead the way. "Wherefore, Gentlemen," said he, "I entreat you to accompany them on foot. And I hope, with God's aid, we shall vanquish our enemies in the first assault." As soon as the Emperor had done speaking, there suddenly arose a strange and marvellous commotion among his Germans, which continued for half an hour ere it could be allayed. Then one appointed to answer for all declared that they were not fit persons to go on foot, or be sent to a breach; and that it was their place to fight on horseback like Gentlemen." This was the only reply the Emperor could obtain

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from them. But, although it was by no means consonant to his wish, nor did exceedingly please him, he uttered never a word, save: "Well, Gentlemen, we must then consider what is best to be done." Thereupon he sent directly for a Gentleman of his, named *Rocandolf*, who went continually to the French as Ambassador, in fact he was with them during most part of the siege, and thus bespoke him: "Go to the lodging of my cousin, the Lord of la Palisse; commend me to him, and to all the French Captains you shall find in his company, and tell them the assault will not be made to day." He delivered his message, and all went to doff their armour, some glad and others sorry. Certes the priests were not over delighted, they being obliged to restore what had been given into their keeping. I know not how it came about, nor who advised the measure, but the night after this conference the Emperor removed, in one journey, more than forty miles from the camp, and ordered his people to raise the siege; which was done, as I am going to relate.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

How the Emperor withdrew from the camp before Padua, when he found that his Germans would not make the assault.

It may well be imagined how angry the Emperor was when he saw the willingness of the French Captains, and that his Germans would do nothing for him. The gentle Prince of Anhalt differed from the rest in this matter; and would have been ready enough to comply with the desire of the Emperor, offering his services to him, and likewise seeking out the French Captains, for the purpose of justifying himself to them. Amid the other leaders of his bands was one named Captain Jacob, who afterwards entered into the service of the King of France, and fell at the battle of Ravenna, which will come to be treated of hereafter. The same had daily skirmishes in company with the French, and was richly endowed with courage and every honourable quality. But these two Germans could not supply the place of all.

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The Emperor, swelling with rage and vexation, two hours before dawn, on the following day, left his camp as quietly as possible, accompanied by five or six hundred of his most familiar servants, and removed in one journey to a distance of forty miles making towards Germany. He sent the Lord Constantine, his Lieutenant General, and the Lord of la Palisse word, that they must raise the siege as honourably as they could. All were amazed at this sort of conduct, but there was no help for it. The Captains, Frenchmen, Germans, and Burgundians, holding counsel together, agreed to raise the siege, the executing of which was very troublesome and inconvenient, because there were six or seven and twenty pieces of artillery before the town, and carriages for not one half of them. The French were ordered to keep guard while the artillery was removed. But the noble Prince of Anhalt, well acquainted with the base temper of his countrymen, kept close to the ordnance, with his band of seven or eight hundred men, which redounded greatly to his honour. For they were obliged to continue fighting from break of day till two hours of the night had elapsed, and took their food, if at all, not much at their ease, as there were constantly great and

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terrible alarms, they of the town making many fearful sallies. Moreover it was necessary to convey part of the ordnance to the camp where they were about to take up their quarters, to leave it there, and bring back the horses and oxen to fetch the remainder. The siege was raised without any loss either of the Emperor's people or of the French. One very ill deed was committed by the Lansquenets, who set fire to all their lodgings, and to every thing they passed by.

The good Knight, out of a charitable spirit, caused seven or eight of his gendarms to remain in a handsome house, where he had lodged during the siege, to save it from the fire till the Lansquenets had gone by, and, of a truth, such incendiaries were little to his liking. The army went from camp to camp till they arrived at Vicenza, whither the Emperor sent some presents to the Lord of la Palisse, and all the French Captains, according to his ability: for he was very liberal, and it would have been impossible to find a better Prince than himself, had he possessed wherewith to be generous. He had one fault, that of never confiding in any one, and the keeping his enterprises so secret hath been a great disadvantage to him throughout his life. Most of the

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Germans left Vicenza; but part remained in the city to guard it with the Lord of le Reu. So the Lord of la Palisse and his companions returned on All-Saints day to the Dutchy of Milan, except the good Knight without fear and without reproach, who remained some time in garrison at Verona, and received much honour there, as you will hear. The Venetians still held a town called Lignago, where they had a great garrison, and often made incursions upon them of the Veronese.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach, being at Verona, made an incursion upon the Venetians, in which he was taken and rescued twice in one day, and what was the upshot of all this.

THE good Knight was ordered to be in garrison at Verona, with three or four hundred gendarms, which the King of France lent the Emperor. Thither came shortly after they that were for the said Emperor at Vicenza, knowing that town to be incapable of resistance, and that the Venetians were marching in great force to besiege it. But when these latter saw it abandoned they drew off their army to a village named St. Bonifacio, fifteen or eighteen miles from Verona. It was hard upon the winter season, and the soldiers within the town were under the necessity of sending to seek forage for their horses, sometimes from a great distance, through which both grooms and beasts were so often lost that they found it needful to furnish them with a convoy. But scarce a day

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passed that they fell not in with the enemy, and that a sharp conflict did not take place. On the side of the Venetians was a Captain Giovanni Paolo Manfrone, a very brave and enterprising person, who made hostile incursions every day to the very gates of Verona. He did this so long that the good Knight was irritated, and resolved, the first day the foragers went afield, to be their escort himself, and to put in practice some warlike stratagem. So secretly however could he not execute his purpose but Captain Manfrone got notice of it from a spy that dwelt at his lodgings.

Wherefore he determined to take such an effectual force with him when he went out into the country, that, if he met the good Knight, he might make him quit the field with disgrace. One Thursday morning the foragers were sent out of Verona, followed by thirty or forty gendarms, and others under the conduct of Captain Pierrepont, the good Knight's Lieutenant, a wise and cautious man. They quitted the main road, to go in search of the victualling houses, and to make their bargains. The good Knight, accompanied by an hundred gendarms, thinking to be undiscovered, was gone to throw himself into a village on the

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high road, called St. Martino, six miles from Verona. He sent some scouts to look abroad, who were not long ere they spied their enemies, five hundred horse or thereabout in number, marching straight toward them who were gone in search of provisions. They came and made their report to the good Knight, who was delighted thereat, and instantly mounted his horse, to go and encounter them along with his men.

Captain Manfrone, who had been warned of this enterprise by the spy, had ambushed five or six hundred pikemen and arquebusiers, infantry, in a Palace thereabout, having taken great pains to make them understand what they were to do; and among other things he told them they must not come forth till they saw him retire, and the French pursue him; as he should make pretence to fly, and by that means should not fail to surround and defeat them. The good Knight, having gone out into the country, had not advanced two miles ere he saw his enemies fair before him. He marched straight up to them, and crying, "*Empire! et France!*" would have charged them. They made some show of resistance, but, on seeing him approach, began to retreat along a road straight to their ambuscade,

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which they passed a little way; then stopping short, and crying, "*Marco! Marco!*" began to defend themselves valiantly. The infantry quitted their place of concealment, with a terrible outcry, and rushed upon the French, discharging a great number of guns; whereby the good Knight's horse was shot, and he fell unfortunately with one foot under the animal. His men, who would sooner have died than have left him there, made a great onset, and one, of the name of Grandmont, dismounted, and freed his Captain from peril. But, manfully as they fought, they could not escape remaining prisoners among the foot, who were going to have disarmed them. Captain Pierrepont, who was with the foragers, hearing the noise, galloped immediately to the spot. He came in time to find his Captain and Grandmont at an ill pass; the enemies were then taking them out of the crowd, in order to conduct them away securely. As may well be supposed, the good Knight was overjoyed, and like a lion struck them who held him, whereat they suddenly relinquished their captive, and withdrew to their troop, who fought furiously, as well as the remainder of the French. The good Knight and Grandmont were quickly furnished with fresh steeds, and returned directly

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to assist their men, who had much to contend with, being assailed before and behind; but when rejoined by Bayard and Pierrepont they were greatly relieved. Nevertheless the parties were very ill matched, the Venetians being as four to one against them, add to which that their arquebusiers did the French a vast deal of mischief.

At this conjuncture the good Knight observed to Pierrepont: "Captain, if we do not gain the high road we are undone: if we once get thither, we can make off in spite of them, and, by God's help, without loss." "I am of the same opinion," said Captain Pierrepont. Accordingly they began, still fighting, to make toward the high road, which they reached, but not without undergoing a great deal. However they had lost no men as yet, while forty or fifty of the enemy's infantry had fallen, and seven or eight of their horse. When the good Knight and the French were on the high road leading to Verona, they began to retreat as closely and quietly as possible, and, at every two hundred paces, turned round upon their enemies in a wonderfully gallant manner. But on both their wings they had the Venetian foot constantly firing upon them; insomuch that, at the last charge, they killed the horse of the good Knight, who, feeling

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him stagger, leapt down upon the ground, sword in hand, and performed miracles of prowess. But he was soon surrounded, and it would have gone ill with him, had not his Standardbearer, Du Fay, and his archers, made so furious a charge, that they rescued their Captain from the midst of the Venetian troop, placed him on horseback in spite of their teeth, and then fell back together to the rest of their party. The night now approaching, Bayard commanded his men to make no more attacks, declaring that it was sufficient for them to retire without loss of honour, as they did, to St. Martino, whence they had set out in the morning. There was a bridge furnished with barriers, at the end of which they halted. Captain Manfrone saw plainly that he could do them no more damage, and also that they might receive succours from Verona. So he caused the retreat to be sounded, and set about returning to St. Bonifacio, preceded by his foot, who were very weary of this day's work, having fought four or five hours. They chose to tarry in a village four or five miles from the one just mentioned. But Captain Manfrone, who was not of their mind, returned with his own troop, much out of humour at having been used so roughly, and by such a handful of men. The good Knight

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and his people lodged that evening in the village of St. Martino, where they made good cheer with the provisions they had, discoursing of their admirable retreat: for they had only lost one archer, and had four horses killed, their adversaries having sustained a heavy loss in comparison. Meantime one of the spies from the village of St. Bonifacio arrived. He was brought before the good Knight, who asked him what their enemies were doing. He made answer: "Nothing further. A great troop of them are within St. Bonifacio, and they have spread a report that they shall speedily get possession of Verona, and fancy they have much intelligence within the town. Just as I was departing, Captain Manfrone arrived, terribly heated and chafed; I heard he said that he was come from battle, and had met with devils of hell instead of men. And in my way hither, four or five miles from this place, I passed through a village full of their foot, who are lodging there, and who appear heartily weary, to look at them." Then said the good Knight, "I'll lay my life they are the infantry we fought with to-day, who have not chosen to go as far as St. Bonifacio. If you please they are in our hands. The moon shines bright,

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let us give our horses a fresh feed, and go rouse them in the space of three or four hours."

The scheme was approved of:—they got ready their horses as well as they could, and, after having set the watch, addressed themselves to repose. But the good Knight, taken up with the contemplation of his enterprise, slept very little; and about three hours past midnight, he and his people got on horseback without any noise, and went straight to that village where the Venetian infantry had taken up their quarters. They found them sleeping like swine, without any watch, or a very bad one, at least. On arriving, they cried, "*Empire! Empire! France! France! Kill! Kill!*" at this joyous chaunt the country people awoke, and issued from their houses one after another, but were dispatched like cattle. The Venetian Captain, with two or three hundred men, repaired to the market-place of the village, thinking there to muster his forces and gather strength; but he had not time allowed him for this, being assailed in so many places, that he and all his people were vanquished and routed, and only three remained alive, the Captain, and two other Gentlemen, brothers; in exchange for whom, on

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their release, two French Gentlemen were set free from the prisons of the Seignory of Venice. When the good Knight had entirely, and to his great honour, completed his enterprise, he would tarry no longer, dreading some mishap. So he returned with his people into Verona, where he was joyfully received. On the other hand the Venetians, when they heard of the loss of their people, were much afflicted: and Messer Andrea Gritti, Proveditore of the Seignory, strove to throw the blame on Captain Manfrone, because he had left them behind. But he vindicated himself satisfactorily, saying, that it was not in his power to get them out of the village where they were defeated, and that he had warned them strongly of the disaster, but could not make them listen to reason. However in his own mind he meditated revenging himself in a few days: but he only augmented his disgrace, as you will hear.

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CHAPTER XL.

How the good Knight had like to have been betrayed by a spy, who had promised Captain Giovanni Paolo Manfrone to put him into his hands, and what came of it in the end.

SEVEN or eight days after this fine adventure, Captain Manfrone, very ill pleased at meeting with so grievous a discomfiture and repulse, and at having his men killed and made prisoners, while the enemy received little or no damage, resolved to take vengeance in some way or other. He had a spy, who often went backward and forward from Verona to St. Bonifacio, and served both him and the good Knight, persuading each that he was intent upon no other than his interest. But these spies in their hearts ever incline more to one than another, as this did to Captain Manfrone; who said to him one day, after thinking a little upon the matter: "You must needs go to Verona, and tell Captain Bayard that the Seignory of Venice hath written word to the Provedi-

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tore that he is to despatch me to Lignago for the security of the place; because the Captain now there is to be fetched away, and sent into the Levant, with a number of gallies; that to your certain knowledge I shall set out to-morrow at break of day, with three hundred light horse; and that infantry I take none. I am certain his spirit is so elated that he will not suffer me to pass without coming to attack me; which if he do attempt, I expect he will hardly escape being either killed or taken, as I shall bring two hundred horse, and as many thousand foot, which I shall place in ambush at Isola della Scala; when I approach the same I should like to fall in with them. If you discharge your commission well, I promise on my honour to give you an hundred golden ducats." Spies, as every one knows, are created by Dame Avarice alone, and therefore, if out of six that are taken, one escape, he hath reason to thank God; seeing that the true remedy for the disease they are cursed with, is an halter.

Now this fellow assured Captain Manfrone that he could do the business well enough. He went immediately to the house where the good Knight lodged at Verona, being well known of all the servants there, who made sure that he was

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entirely at their master's devotion. They brought the man to him, as he was finishing his supper, and he received him kindly, saying: "Welcome, Vincentino; you have not repaired hither without a cause; what news?" "Very good news, God be thanked, Sir!" said he. So Bayard rose instantly from table, and took the spy apart, to learn what it was. He related the affair circumstantially, and made it appear so much to the good Knight's liking that never man was more delighted than he. He ordered Vincentino to be taken to supper and treated with excellent cheer: then drawing aside Captain Pierrepont, Captain La Varenne, who bore his standard, the Bastard Du Fay, and a Burgundian Captain, who had supped with him that evening, and was called my Lord of Sucre, repeated to them what the spy had told him, and how Captain Manfrone was about to remove next day to Lignago, accompanied by no more than three hundred horse: adding that if they would shew themselves worthy comrades, his journey should not be effected without striking of blows, and that the matter required to be quickly concluded upon. They all found what he said to their mind: and it was forthwith settled between them that they should depart at break of day,

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bringing two hundred gendarms apiece. They wished the Lord of Conty to join them in this enterprise, and informed him of it, that he might hold himself in readiness as well as the rest. He required no long entreaty, being a very courteous Knight. The matter thus arranged, all went home to make their preparations for the next morning; among the rest Captain Sucre, who had a long way to go, and this was a fortunate circumstance; for on his return he observed the spy that had lately conferred with the good Knight coming out of the house of a Veronese Gentleman, thought to be ill affected to the Emperor, (as indeed he had *Marco* written in his very heart,) which made him suspect treason. So he stopped the spy, and asked him where he had been. The other knew not what answer to make on the sudden, and changed colour; which increased his suspicions, and, taking hold of the said spy, he went straight back to the place where he had supped. On arriving he found the good Knight ready to get into bed; however he wrapped him in a nightgown, and they two seated themselves by the fire together, no one else being present. The spy meantime was given into good keeping.

Then Captain Sucre disclosed to the good

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Knight the occasion of his sudden return, namely, his having seen the spy leave the house of Messer Battista Volteggio, who was more attached to the Venetians than any one upon earth; which led him to suspect some villany, "for," said he, "when I surprised him, he was marvellously confounded." On hearing this the good Knight was not without his suspicions, any more than Captain Sucre. He sent for the spy and asked him what his business was at the house of Messer Battista Volteggio. At first he said he went thither to see a relation of his; then he told another story, and in short was convicted in five or six words. They sent for thumb-screws, and put them upon him, to make him speak after a different fashion. The good Knight said: "Vincentino, tell the truth, without concealing any thing, and I promise you, on the word of a true Gentleman, that, be it what it may, no injury shall be done you, even though my death have been plotted; on the other hand, if I find you in a lie, I will have you hung and strangled to-morrow at break of day."

The spy, seeing that he was detected, threw himself on his knees, and begged for mercy, which being assured of, he began to relate every particular

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of the treason; how Captain Manfrone had laid an ambush at Isola della Scala of two hundred horse and two thousand foot to overpower the good Knight; and how he had visited the house of Messer Battista Volteggio to apprize him of the same, and also to shew him by what means he might deliver up one of the gates of the town some night to the Proveditore, Messer Andrea Gritti. These and many other things were confessed by that vile spy. He declared however that Volteggio had told him he would have no hand in so iniquitous a proceeding, and that, being under allegiance to the Emperor, he was resolved to live and die faithful to the same.

When he had ended his precious narration the good Knight said to him: "Vincentino, ill did I bestow the money I gave you; and within that body of yours is contained the heart of a base and wicked man; though indeed I never took you for any thing else. You richly deserve death: but since I have pledged my word to the contrary, no evil shall be done you, and I will have you put out of the town in safety. But take care you never return to it while I remain therein; for, if you do, not all the world shall hinder my having you hung and strangled." He was taken

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out of their presence, and shut up in an apartment, till he should be wanted. The good Knight said to Captain Sucre: "My friend, how shall we deal with this Captain Manfrone, who thinks to overcome us by craft? We must give him the meeting, and, if we can accomplish what I am going to tell you, it will be as glorious an exploit as hath been performed these hundred years." Sucre replied, "My Lord, command, and you shall be obeyed." "Go then," said he, "now directly to the house of the Prince of Anhalt, commend me humbly to his good graces, and, after laying the affair fully before him, prevail upon him to send us two thousand of his Lansquenets to-morrow morning: we will conduct them along with us at a leisurely pace, and leave them somewhere in ambuscade, and if, before all be accomplished, you do not behold wonders, lay the blame upon me."

Captain Sucre departed instantly, and went straightway to the lodging of the Prince, who happened to be asleep. He had him awakened; and, going to him, acquainted him with all that I have just been relating. The gentle Prince, who esteemed nothing above war, and had conceived such an affection for the good

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Knight, among all Gentlemen, on account of his prowess, that it must have been a strange thing which he would have refused him, said he was very sorry that he had not known of this enterprise sooner, as he would then have joined in it himself, but that the good Knight could dispose of his men better than he could do; and he sent directly for his secretary to apprize four or five Captains thereof, who, to make the story short, were as much in readiness by day-break, as the gendarms that had known of the intended excursion since the evening, and were at the gate at the same time with them. This excited much surprise in the Lord of Conty, he having received no intimation of the matter the night before; and he asked the good Knight what was the meaning of it, who unravelled the whole scheme to him from beginning to end. "On my honour," said the Lord of Conty, "God willing, we shall do a noble work this day." The gate being opened, they took their way toward Isola della Scala. The good Knight said to Sucre: "You and the Lansquenets must lie in wait at *Servode*," (this was a little village two miles from Isola,) "and give yourselves no concern about any thing: for I will bring the enemy close up to you, whereby

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you will gain much honour this day, if you be gallant fellows.'" It was done according to his words; on arriving at that village the Lansquenets remained in ambush; while the good Knight, the Lord of Conty, and their troop, proceeded toward Isola as if they nothing knew who were within that place.

The same looked out upon a noble plain whence the eye could reach to a great distance on every side. Thither they went with some light horse to see if they could descry Captain Manfrone. The good Knight sent his Standardbearer, Du Fay, attended by some archers, to skirmish with them, marching leisurely after him with the cavalry. It was not long ere he saw the Venetian foot sally from the town of Isola della Scala, with a troop of horse. He pretended to be somewhat dismayed, and bade the trumpet sound to recall the other troop. Du Fay, hearing this, retired, agreeably to the instructions he had received, with all his men, who kept very close: and, pretending to make straight for Verona, went softly toward that village where their Lansquenets were posted, sending forward an archer to bid Captain Sucre come forth to battle.

The horse of the Seigniory, flanked by their

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troop of infantry, made quick and frequent charges upon the French, with such a noise that thunder could not have been heard at the time, fancying that they whom they beheld would not be able to escape them. The French were not routed, but skirmished discreetly; so that when they were a bow-shot from *Servode*, they discerned the Lansquenets, who were coming quietly along in perfect order, and now discovered themselves, to the great consternation of the enemy. The good Knight then said: "Gentlemen, it is time to make the assault;" this they all did, falling upon the Venetians, who approved themselves good soldiers; nevertheless many of them were thrown to the ground: their foot were unable to fly, by reason of the great distance from any place of refuge. They were likewise charged by the Lansquenets, and, incapable of bearing up against their numbers, were disordered, overthrown, and all cut to pieces, not one being taken prisoner. This took place before the eyes of Captain Manfrone, who did his duty very well; however perceiving that, unless he made his retreat, he should be either killed or taken, he began to gallop at a great rate toward St. Bonifacio, which was a long way off. He was

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pretty well chased; but the good Knight caused the retreat to be sounded: by reason whereof every man returned, but not without great gain of prisoners and horses, and exceeding rich booty. The Venetians underwent a heavy loss, the whole of their two thousand foot, and as many as five and twenty horse, being slain upon this occasion. About sixty were taken prisoners, and carried to Verona; there the French, Burgundians, and Lansquenets had a joyful reception from their companions, who were much concerned that they had not been with them.

Such was the success of this noble enterprise,—high luck for the good Knight, who received great commendation from all sorts of people. Returned to his lodging, he sent for the spy, to whom he said: "Vincentino, you shall go, as I promised, to the Venetian camp; moreover ask Captain Giovanni Paolo Manfrone, whether Captain Bayard be not as subtile in war as he, and say that he may find him in the field ready to do battle with him whenever he listeth." The good Knight ordered two of his archers to conduct the man out of the town, which they did. He went straight to St. Bonifacio, where Manfrone, as soon as he

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set eyes upon him, had him seized, hung, and strangled, saying that he had betrayed him, and no excuse that he could make was of any avail.

The Venetians still held the town of Lignago, where they had a numerous garrison; the inhabitants of the Veronese and they making frequent incursions upon each other. In this state things remained during the whole of the winter.

In the beginning of the year 1510, soon after Easter, the King of France, Lewis XII., was taken leave of by his nephew, the worthy Duke of Nemours, of whose short life this history will make ample mention; for he well deserves to be chronicled in every possible way. He passed over into Italy, taking with him Captain Louys d'Ars, a brave and worthy Knight; they were received, on their arrival, each according to his quality, by the Lord of Chaumont, Grand Master of France, and Governor of Milan, and by all the Captains at that time in Italy, as honourably as could be, above all by the good Knight without fear and without reproach, who was much loved of the Duke of Nemours, and of his head Captain Louys d'Ars. By order of the King of France the Lord of Molart had also repaired thither, with two thousand adventurers, and many other

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Captains. Then the Grand Master Chaumont laid siege to the town of Lignago which the Venetians held: and, to the end that it might receive no succours either of men or provisions, the Lord of Alegre was sent thither with five hundred horse, and four or five thousand of the Lansquenets then at Vicenza, in charge of the worthy Prince of Anhalt, who still had under him that Captain Jacob that afterwards entered the service of King Lewis. This place of Lignago stood a vast deal of cannonading. Moreover there was much good artillery, especially that of the Duke of Ferrara, who, among other pieces, had a culverin twenty feet long, called by the adventurers *the great devil.* In brief, the town and Castle were carried, and all within, or the major part of them, put to death. In this taking the Lord of Molart and his adventurers behaved very well, and acquired much honour; for they had no time to wait till the breach were of a competent size before they made the assault. The Lord of Chaumont appointed Captain La Crote to guard it, with an hundred gendarms, of whom he had charge under the Marquis of Montferrat, and a thousand foot under two Captains, the one named L'Herisson, the other, (a Neapolitan,) Giacomo Corse.

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During this siege of Lignago the Lord of Chaumont sustained a heavy loss in the death of his uncle, the Legate D'Amboise, who had been the means of procuring him the honours he had attained unto, having likewise done great things for all his family, by promoting them in the church, and in other ways: for he completely governed both Lewis XII. and his Kingdom. He had been a very wise prelate and a worthy man in his day. He never would have more than one benefice, and at his death was only Archbishop of Rouen. He might have had many had he chosen it. This lamentable event bitterly afflicted the Lord of Chaumont, indeed he did not long survive it: of that however, before other men, he betrayed little outward semblance, but continued to manage his master's affairs as well and wisely as ever.

When he had given his directions at Lignago, he went to join himself to the Emperor's forces, in the intent of marching over the territories of the Venetians, and bringing them to reason. A few days before, the King of Spain had sent to the succour of the Emperor four hundred Spanish and Neapolitan horse, of a marvellous good appearance, under the conduct of the Duke of Termini; but they, being fatigued, were sent to sojourn at Verona.

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The armies of the Emperor and of the King of France advanced to a place called Santa Croce, where they abode some time, for it was thought the Emperor intended to come down to them; but that was not the case. During their encampment, the heat was so excessive that most who were there called this *the hot camp*.

Just before their departure a horrible occurrence took place near a great village called Longara; all having fled away at this time by reason of the war, above two thousand persons, men and women, and among them those of most consideration in the flat country, had retired into a cave, a mile or more in length, within a mountain, and had carried thither abundance of provisions, and also some ammunition and guns to keep off any that would force their way in, which it would have been almost impossible to effect, as not more than one man could come in front of the entrance. The adventurers, the like of whom are commonly wont to go in search of plunder, especially such as are good for nothing in war, came to the mouth of this cavern, which is called in the Italian tongue the Grotto of Longara. They had a marvellous desire to enter, but were besought with all mildness to go away, as nothing

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was to be gained there, they within having left their property at their own houses. The miscreants would not be put off by these entreaties, and sought to break into the cave, but were prevented from so doing, and some shots were made which killed two of them. The rest went to fetch their comrades, who, ready enough to do evil, repaired to the spot. On arriving they saw plainly that it would be impossible for them ever to get in by force: so they bethought them of a great piece of baseness and cruelty: right over against the aperture they placed much wood, straw, and hay, together with fire, whereby this cave, which received no air save thence, was speedily filled with so dreadful a smoke that all in the inside thereof were stifled, and perished miserably, without ever being touched by the fire. When that was extinguished, and people entered the place, a number of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were there found lifeless; one might have fancied they were sleeping. The adventurers got much booty there. But the Grand Master, and all the Captains were marvellously displeased, especially the good Knight without fear and without reproach, who busied himself all day to discover the perpetrators of the action, and

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caught two of them, a man with no ears, and another that had but one. He prosecuted so strict an examination into their conduct, that they were led in front of this grotto by the Provost Marshal, and there hung and strangled by his executioner, the good Knight choosing to be present at the time. While this was a doing, behold, as it were by miracle, there comes out of the cave a young lad, about fifteen or sixteen years old, apparently more dead than alive, and all yellow with smoke. He was brought before the good Knight, who asked him how he had been preserved. He replied that, when he found the smoke increase, he went to the extremity of the cave where there was a very small cleft from the top of the mountain, and took air through that. He also told him a grievous thing, that many Gentlemen and their wives, when they perceived the cave was about to be set fire to, wished to go out, seeing they must otherwise perish. But the peasants, who were by much the strongest, would never consent to it, and came before them with the points of their triple-forked spears, saying that they should die along with them. Thus the poor people were assailed both by the fire, and by one another.

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From Longara the camp marched straight to Monselicé which the Venetians had retaken, and fortified, having also lodged a thousand or twelve hundred men within. On the road the Lord of Alegre, and the good Knight, with the Lord *Mercure* and his Albanians, then in the Emperor's service, met some light horse belonging to them of the Seigniory, called Croats, who are more Turks than Christians, and were come to see if they could win any thing from the army. But they made a bad booty; for all, or most part of them, were slain after being prisoners about a quarter of an hour. Among them the Lord *Mercure* recognised the Captain, as he afterwards said, to be his cousin german, who had thrust him out of his inheritance in Croatia, occupying the same by force, and was the greatest enemy he had in the world. He reminded him of all the ill he had done him, intimating that vengeance was now in his hands. The other said that was true; but that he had been taken in honest warfare, and ought of right to go free, on paying a ransom, according to his ability, for which he offered six thousand ducats, and six goodly and excellent Turkish horses. "We will talk of that at leisure:" said the Lord *Mercure;* "but tell

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me on your honour, if you had me in your power, as I have you, what would you do with me?" He replied: "Since you urge it to me so strongly upon my honour, I must tell you that, if you were at my mercy, as I am at yours, not all the gold in the world should save you from being cut to pieces by my command." "In good sooth," said the Lord *Mercure*, "I will deal no worse with you." So he ordered his Albanians, in his language, to make use of their scimitars, and they instantly fell to work with the same, after such fashion, that there was not a Captain, or any other that had not ten strokes after his death. Then they cut off their heads, and stuck them at the end of their carbines, saying that they were not Christians. They had a strange sort of headtire; it resembled a damsel's hood; and the part that covered the scull was furnished with five or six pieces of paper glued together, so that a sword could make no more impression on it than on a steel cap.

Siege was laid to Monselicé, which endured a battery of four or five days, and would never have been taken, by reason of the fortifications that had been made there, had not they that held it sallied out, often a stone's throw from their fort, to skirmish with the French adventurers, who desired

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mightily to see what was doing in the inside of the place. One afternoon Captain Molart's men, with the Baron of Montfaucon, went unexpectedly to skirmish with them of the Castle, who came boldly to the fight, and performed wonders. Insomuch that they give the adventurers disgraceful rebuffs on two or three occasions. Once however they pursued them too far, and when they thought to retire found themselves aweary. Which being perceived by the adventurers, they chased them with eagerness, so that they entered promiscuously along with the enemy into the place. When they who guarded it saw that they were undone they withdrew into a great tower, where they were immediately besieged, fire being set to the foot of it. The greater part chose rather to be burnt than to surrender. The others going out by the battlements, the adventurers received them on the points of their pikes. In short very few of them escaped alive. On the side of the French there was a Gentleman killed of the name of Camican, and the Baron of Montfaucon was dangerously wounded; he recovered however, but with very great difficulty.

They had the fortifications of the place repaired and put a great garrison therein, purposing to go

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and lay siege to Padua. But news came that Pope Julius had deserted their cause, and was going to make war upon the Duke of Ferrara, an ally of the King of France, to whom the said Duke had despatched a full account of the matter, in order to obtain succours: which Lewis was very willing to grant, and directed the Grand Master by letter to furnish him therewith. This he did, sending to his assistance the Lords of Montoison, of Fontrailles, of le Lude, and the good Knight, with three or four thousand French foot, and eight hundred Swiss, whom a Captain, named Jacob Zemberc, had brought from their own country as adventurers. On their arrival at Ferrara they were very well received by the Duke and Dutchess, and by all the inhabitants.

The Grand Master with the remainder of his army retired to the Dutchy of Milan, on receiving information that the Swiss, who a little while before had forsaken the alliance of the King his master, were making a descent upon it, and had already come as far as the bridge of La Treglia. When he arrived he tarried not at Milan, but, with his cavalry, the two hundred Gentlemen, and a small number of foot, went to await them in the plain of *Galeras*, and had all the iron works of

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the mills, and every kind of victuals, removed from their road: nay, worse than that, it was said he caused all the wines at *Galeras* to be poisoned, until the Swiss came and drank their fill: but not a jot was any one of them the worse of it. They remained but a short space in the country, being obliged, by the failure of provisions, to return to their own land, whither they were closely attended the whole way, in order that they might not set fire to any of the villages. Some of the French went to *Galeras*, and would drink of the wine that had been poisoned for the Swiss, whereby there died more than two hundred of them. We must either say that this happened through the special interposition of God, or that the spice remained at the bottom of the cask.

I will now leave this subject for a brief space, and return to the war betwixt the Pope and the Duke of Ferrara. But first I shall depaint a strange and perilous adventure which happened the same year to them of Lignago.

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CHAPTER XLI.

How they of the garrison of Lignago made an incursion upon the Venetians; on the information of some spies, who betrayed them, whereby they were defeated.

When the gentle Knight of La Crote had ordered his matters within Lignago, not many days passed ere he became ill, and in great danger of dying. He was surrounded by young people and volunteers, among whom was a Gentleman, named Guyon de Cantiers, passing valiant, but of more courage than conduct. The Venetians often came close up to Lignago, but they that were placed in garrison there durst not go out, as they had been charged to do no more than keep it safely. This Guyon de Cantiers had spies in various quarters, and contrived to make acquaintance with one of the town of Montagnana, distant from Lignago twelve or fifteen miles, who came often to visit Cantiers in his own fort, and was always telling him that, if he would go forth some day with a

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number of horse and foot, he could not fail of taking prisoner Messer Andrea Gritti, the Proveditore of the Seignory of Venice; as he often came to Montagnana, with two or three hundred light horse; and that Cantiers and his companions, placed in ambush near the town, some morning before daybreak, might make sure of laying hold on the Proveditore as he came out of the same, and afterwards might take and pillage the town; the fellow moreover undertook to point out with certainty the day on which the attempt might successfully be made.

Cantiers, who had a great desire to make incursions, and no slight one to gain this noble booty, assured him that he would not fail on his part, if only the other would give him true information. Which he promised, and, returning to Montagnana, disclosed to him that kept it for the Seignory the trap he had laid for them of Lignago, adding, that if they would concur with him in the business, they might rely upon having great part of the garrison at their mercy, and thereby might easily retake the place, which was of amazing importance to them. The Captain of Montagnana thought his plan feasible, and immediately sent word of it by an express to the Proveditore, Mes-

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ser Andrea Gritti, who brought three hundred gendarms, eight hundred light horse, and two thousand foot. Of this band, on arriving within two or three miles of Montagnana, he sent two hundred horse and a thousand foot to lie in wait, with instructions to let them that should come out of Lignago pass by, and then to bar their proceeding.

They did not forget what they had been enjoined to, but played their parts vastly well. The spy from Montagnana went back to speak with Guyon de Cantiers; the same gave him a hearty welcome, inquiring what brought him to Lignago; who replied with a confident air: "Good news for you, if it please you; Messer Andrea Gritti arrives this evening at our town, with two hundred horse only. If you will depart an hour or two before daybreak, I will be your guide, and you shall not fail to lay hands on him." Well pleased was Cantiers, and going directly to his comrades, in particular to a Gentleman who bore their standard, called the young Malherbe, recounted to them every tittle of the affair. Never was any thing more highly approved of. As far as their own inclinations were concerned they were for going, without any sort of controversy; but it was first requisite to gain permission. Captain La

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Crote still kept his bed, not being as yet thoroughly recovered from his malady.

So the two Gentlemen, Cantiers and Malherbe, went and besought him that he would give them leave to make an incursion, whereby they should acquire high honour and great emolument; and they rehearsed the enterprise to him from beginning to end. When he had listened to their discourse he made answer like a wise and prudent Knight: "Gentlemen, you know that I have this place intrusted to me on my honour and life, to keep merely. In case your adventure proved unfortunate, I should be for ever ruined and undone, and should wear out the remnant of my days in melancholy; wherefore I am resolved against granting you permission." They began to ply him with the most earnest remonstrances possible, affirming, that there was no danger, and that they were sure of their spy. They urged the point so much, that, half willing, half conquered by their importunity, he yielded consent. But, sooth to say, it was almost by force. That gave them no uneasiness, for their brains were all in a ferment, and they determined to try their ill fortune, how dear soever it might cost them.

They informed all their companions of the

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affair, and gained them over to their bow, and when they found the time approach, they made about fifty gendarms mount their horses, under the command of Malherbe, while Guyon de Cantiers conducted nearly three hundred foot. About two hours after midnight they left Lignago, along with their treacherous spy, who was guiding them to the slaughter. Certes there quitted Lignago that day the very flower of chivalry, as far as respected hardihood; but Youth was also of their company. They went together along the road which led from Lignago to Montagnana, the foot before, and the horse by their side. They proceeded till they approached the first ambuscade of the men of the Seignory, who were stationed in a little village; but, suspecting nothing, they passed on, till they were a short mile's distance from Montagnana.

Then said the spy to them; "Gentlemen, let me go, and do you remain here, and stand close; I will go see what is doing in the town, that I may acquaint you therewith." They suffered him to depart: but far better had they cut off his head; for no sooner was he arrived there than he sent to Messer Andrea Gritti, and said to him: "Sir, I have brought you the greater part of them of Li-

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gnago with the rope about their necks; it is not possible for one of them to escape, unless it be your pleasure, for they have already passed your ambuscade, and are even now a mile hence." Messer Andrea Gritti instantly got on horseback, and all his men with him, both horse and foot: and, issuing out of the town, sent forward about an hundred men to skirmish. They very soon met with the French, who were marvellously rejoiced, thinking they had no one else to encounter, and that the Proveditore was in this troop. The French cavalry began to charge them, and they turned their backs and fled, till they rejoined the main body of their force. Which the former perceiving were much appalled, and, returning to the foot, they said to them: "We are betrayed, for there are three thousand men or more; we must try to get away." They of the Seignory followed them with great fury, crying, "*Marco! Marco! A carne! A carne!*"* and rudely assaulted the French, who put their foot on before, and their horse in the rear to support them. And in fact they retreated without loss to the village, where was the first ambuscade of the Venetians,

* "Mark! Mark! Kill! Kill!"

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and whence they sallied forth at the sound of a trumpet, according to the instructions they had received, and threw themselves between Lignago and the French. Thus they were inclosed and assailed on both sides. And it must be acknowledged that, since God created heaven and earth, there was never better fighting for one day, according to the number of men. Above four hours did the conflict last; yet in all that time the French, who ever kept retreating, could not be discomfited.

Messer Andrea Gritti hit upon an expedient, which was to take them in flank by means of some cross-bow men mounted on horses, who fell upon the foot and partly threw them into disorder. Nevertheless they still made for their town; and came within four miles of it, but there were forced to stop, being charged in so many places, that most part of the gendarms were dismounted, having their horses killed under them. When Guyon de Cantiers saw that all was lost, he rushed amid the Venetian infantry like a chafed lion, and did wondrous feats of arms, killing five or six with his own hand: but his men were too few in number to cope with their adversaries. He was therefore of necessity overpowered and slain, with the whole

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of his three hundred men, not one of whom escaped alive. Captain Malherbe had gone out into the country with the few horse that he still had, and fought for the space of a full hour; but in the end was taken prisoner, with five and twenty of his companions, the rest falling on the spot. To conclude, not a single man got off alive to tell the tale at Lignago.

When Messer Andrea Gritti saw that victory was completely on his side, he bethought him of the following stratagem. He caused all the French infantry that were slain to be stripped and disarmed, and the same number of his own men to be arrayed in their spoils; he also took the armour of the gendarms, their horses, and plumes, and gave them to some of his own people. Moreover he delivered to them an hundred or an hundred and twenty of his men, whom they led along as though they were prisoners, and he made them take three falcons which they of Lignago had brought. Then said he to them: "Go in this guise even to Lignago, and, when you are near the same, cry: "*France! France! Victory! Victory!*" They within will think it is their people who have prevailed; and, in order more fully to possess

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them with this idea, beside their ensigns carry also two or three of ours. I make no doubt but they will open their gates to you; in which case do you rush into the town: I shall be a bow-shot from you, and at the sound of the trumpet will repair thither immediately. Thus if you manage the affair well we shall this day retake Lignago, which is of great importance to the Seignory, as you all know."

These injunctions were very well executed, and, making a show of joy and festivity, they approached within a bow-shot of Lignago, sounding trumpets and clarions. The Lord of La Crote had a Lieutenant in the place called Bernard de Villars, a wise old Knight, and of great experience. He went up into the tower of the gateway, to see these people, who were counterfeiting so great gladness in order that the gate might be opened to them. He marked their carriage from afar, and was startled thereat, saying to one near him: "These are the horses and accoutrements of our people; but it appears to me that the men themselves ride not after our fashion, and are none of ours, unless I be mistaken. Ill luck may have betid our party, and my heart misgives me that it is so. Descend I

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pray you, and cause the draw-bridge to be lowered, and then to be drawn up. If these be our people you will know it soon enough: if they be enemies betake yourself to the barricade. I have here two pieces loaded; if it prove necessary you shall be succoured therewith." At the words of Captain Bernard his companion descended, thinking to meet his own townsmen, and cried: "Whom are you for? Where is Captain Malherbe?" They replied nothing: but, supposing that the bridge was lowered, put their horses into a gallop. The other got off as well as he could to the barrier. Then the two pieces of artillery were discharged, which stopped them short in their career. Thus was the town of Lignago saved on that occasion; but great shame and loss accrued to the French, as many perceived. When the poor Lord of la Crote became acquainted with this sad business he had like to have died of grief. The King of France was mightily displeased, and went nigh to work him evil on this score, but his wrath was appeased by means of the Lord Jean Jacques, who visited France at that time to stand god-father to the Lady Renée, daughter of King Lewis XII. and his wife Anne, Dutchess of Brittany, and used

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many arguments with him in exculpation of the Lord of la Crote.

Let us now leave this subject, and return to Pope Julius II., who was marching toward Ferrara.

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CHAPTER XLII.

How Pope Julius went in person to the Dutchy of Ferrara, and laid siege to Mirandola.

Pope Julius, who was hugely desirous to regain the Dutchy of Ferrara, pretending that it belonged to the Church, mustered a great army in the Bolognese, wherewith to enter the said Dutchy. He lodged on the way in a large village, between Concordia and Mirandola, called Santo Felice. The Duke of Ferrara, and all the French that were with him, had taken up their quarters twelve miles from Ferrara, between two branches of the Po, in a place named L'Ospitaletto, where the Duke had a bridge of boats made, and took care that it should be well guarded; for the enemy were often skirmished with thereon. The Pope, on arriving at Santo Felice, sent to the Countess of Mirandola, natural daughter of the Lord Jean Jacques de Trivulce, and then a widow, to desire that she would put her town of Mirandola into

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his hands, it being necessary to him in his attempt upon Ferrara. The Countess, who, like her father, was completely in the interest of the French, and well knew that the King of France favoured and succoured the Duke of Ferrara, would sooner have died than have done so. She had with her a cousin german of hers, Count Alexandre de Trivulce, who joined her in answering him that had come on the part of his Holiness. He was told that he might return when he listed, and tell his master that the Countess of Mirandola would on no consideration deliver up her town; that it was her own; and that she would hold it fast, with God's aid, against all that should seek to take it from her. The Pope was marvellously incensed at this reply, and swore by St. Peter and St. Paul that he would have it either by fair means or by foul. So he ordered his nephew the Duke of Urbino, Captain General of his army, to go and lay siege to it the next day.

Count Alexandre de Trivulce, who looked for no less, sent to beg the Duke of Ferrara and the French Captains at L'Ospitaletto, which was only twelve miles off, to send him an hundred good soldiers, and two cannoniers, seeing that he was not very well furnished with men, albeit in daily

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expectation of a siege. His request was granted without hesitation; as the loss of Mirandola would have been of high concernment to the Duke of Ferrara, who is a worthy Prince, sage and vigilant in war, and that understands almost all the seven liberal arts, together with many other mechanical ones, such as casting artillery, with which he is as well provided as any Prince, his peer, in the whole world; and moreover he knows very well how to play the same, and to make the carriages and balls. We must now quit the subject of his virtues, whereof he had and still hath a great many. By the advice of the French Captains, he sent to Mirandola the two cannoniers, and the hundred soldiers that had been asked of him: with them went two young Gentlemen, the one from Dauphiny, called Monchenu, a nephew of the Lord of Montoison, the other a nephew of the Lord of le Lude, Chantemerle by name, and a native of the country of Beausse: to whom the good Knight without fear and without reproach said on their departure: "My sons, you are going into the service of the Ladies; approve yourselves gallant comrades in order to acquire their favour, and make yourselves talked of. The town whither you are bound is a very good and

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strong one. If it is besieged you will acquire honour in defending it." The good Knight made them many other pleasant speeches to encourage them; moreover he got on horseback himself along with his company, to be their escort, and conducted them till they entered the town, where they were received by the Countess and Count Alexandre in a very honourable manner. They had not been there three days ere the siege commenced, and the artillery, planted on the border of the ditch, began to play with great vehemence: while they of the town, betraying no signs of terror, returned the same as well as they were able.

The good Knight, who never grudged money if he could but learn what the enemy was doing, had spies, who often brought him news of the camp and of the Pope, how he was still at Santo Felice, and designed to set off within a day or two for the sake of being present at the siege he had caused to be laid to Mirandola. He likewise sent back one of the said spies to Santo Felice, which was only ten miles distant, to learn for certain when the Pope would depart: and the same by diligent inquiry ascertained that he was going to the camp the next day. So he came and told the good

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Knight thereof, who was very glad to hear it. For he had formed a plan whereby he hoped to take the Pope and all his Cardinals. This he would have achieved, had it not been for an unlucky accident which I am going to give the reader an account of.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach thought to take the Pope between Santo Felice and Mirandola, and what hindered the accomplishment of his design.

THE good Knight went to the Duke of Ferrara and the Lord of Montoison, and said to them: "Gentlemen, I am informed that the Pope is going to leave Santo Felice to-morrow morning for Mirandola. These two places are six good miles asunder. I have conceived a project, which, if you accede to it, will be remembered an hundred years hence. A couple of miles from Santo Felice there are two or three fine Palaces, which have been abandoned by reason of the war; all this night I have been revolving it in my mind to go and station myself in one of them with an hundred gendarms, attended neither by page nor groom: and to-morrow morning when the Pope shall remove from Santo Felice, guarded, as I am informed, by none but his Cardinals, Bishops

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and Prothonotaries, and an hundred horse, I shall sally from my ambuscade, and cannot fail to lay hold on him. It is impossible for the alarm to reach the camp ere I shall have made my escape, as it is full ten miles from that place to this. And, supposing I were pursued, you, my Lord," said he to the Duke of Ferrara, "with my Lord of Montoison, will pass the bridge in the morning, with all the rest of the horse, and will await and receive me four or five miles hence, if perchance any disaster should befall me."

Never did any proposal meet with higher approbation than this scheme of the good Knight's, and nothing now remained but to put it into act; which was not long delayed. For, after having had the horses well fed during the night, he took an hundred chosen men, and, when all were in readiness to encounter the shock of battle, went with his spy, in a leisurely manner, straight to that little village. He was fortunate enough to meet no one, man or woman, who might discover him, and settled himself in his post about an hour before day. The Pope, being an early riser, was already up, and, when he saw it grew light, got into his litter that he might proceed to his camp. Prothonotaries, Clerks, and officers of all sorts went

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on before to take lodgings, and set out upon their way unweeting of what was to happen.

As soon as the good Knight heard them he tarried not, but issued from his ambuscade, and fell upon the country people, who, much daunted, returned at full speed to the place they had come from, crying, "*Alarm! Alarm!*" But all that would not have prevented the Pope, with his Bishops and Cardinals, from being taken, had it not been for an accident, very opportune for his Holiness, and equally unfortunate for the good Knight. Which was this; when the Pope had got into his litter, and quitted the road of Santo Felice, he had not proceeded a stone's throw ere there fell from heaven the most sharp and violent storm of snow that had been beheld for an hundred years; so that the travellers could not see one another by reason of the impetuosity thereof. The Cardinal of Pavia, who at that time entirely governed the Pope, then said to him: "*Pater Sancte*, it is impossible to go on while this lasts; indeed, there is no necessity for it; methinks you should return without attempting to proceed farther." The Pope assented, though not aware of the ambuscade. And, as ill luck would have it, when the fugitives returned, the good Knight pursued them

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at full speed, without stopping to take any one, that not being the point he aimed at. Just as he reached Santo Felice, the Pope was about to enter the Castle, and was so terror-stricken at the cry he heard, that, leaping suddenly from his litter without assistance, he helped to raise the bridge himself; which was wisely done, for, had he delayed while one might say a *Pater noster*, he would assuredly have been snapped.

Great was the disappointment of the good Knight; for, albeit he knew that the Castle was not very strong, and might be taken in a quarter of an hour, he had not a single piece of artillery. Moreover he considered that he should soon be discovered by them of the camp at Mirandola, who might give him a disgraceful overthrow. He therefore addressed himself to return, after having taken as many prisoners as he could; among others two Bishops, and many baggage mules, which his gendarms carried away. But never did man return so melancholy as he at having missed such a noble prize, though not by his own fault; for no enterprise could have been better, or more skilfully conducted than this was. When he came up to the Duke of Ferrara, the Lord of Montoison, and his other companions,

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whom he found six miles from their bridge, ready to succour and aid him, in case that had been necessary, he acquainted them with his ill luck, and they were much concerned. However they consoled him as well as they could, arguing, that the fault lay not in him, and that no man could have done better. Thus they led him along, conversing pleasantly, and talking with their prisoners, most of whom they sent back on foot by the way. The two Bishops paid some trifling ransom, and were permitted to return.

The Pope remained in the Castle of Santo Felice the whole day, shaking as in an ague-fit after the terrible consternation he had been thrown into, and at night he sent for his nephew, the Duke of Urbino, who came to him with four hundred horse, and conducted him to the leaguer before Mirandola, where he abode till the town was taken. He carried on the siege for three weeks, and would never have got possession of it, had it not unluckily happened, that snow fell six days and six nights without intermission, in such wise that it lay in the country to the depth of five feet and upwards. After which succeeded so hard a frost that the ice in the ditches of Mirandola was more than two feet thick: and a cannon with its carriage fell thereon

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from the edge of one of them, and did not break it. The Pope's artillery had made two good and wide breaches. They within had no hope of being relieved by any one, as the Lord of Chaumont, Grand Master of France, and Governor of Milan, confined himself with the rest of his army to Reggio, which he caused to be daily fortified: suspecting that the Pope, after the taking of Mirandola, would repair to that town, he having a vast force. For he was accompanied by great part of the King of Spain's army, as well as that of the Venetians, who had entered into an alliance with him. The Count Alexandre and the Countess resolved to surrender the town, stipulating for the lives of the inhabitants; but the Pope would have all at his mercy. However he was brought to concede that point by the procurement of the Duke of Urbino, who always leaned to the French; because the King of France had brought him up in his youth, and but for him his Holiness would not have been so gracious.

When news of the taking of Mirandola reached the Duke of Ferrara's camp, it was hugely distasteful to the whole company. The Duke feared that he should be speedily besieged at Ferrara. He therefore destroyed the bridge he

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had made, and retired with his whole army into his town, determining to keep it to the last day of his life. The Pope deigned not to enter Mirandola by the gate, but had a bridge made upon the foss, and, passing over that, went in by one of the breaches. He tarried there some days, devising of all means in the world whereby to mischief the Duke of Ferrara.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

How the Pope sent a band of seven or eight thousand men to besiege a place belonging to the Duke of Ferrara, called La Bastia; and how they were defeated through the advice of the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

When the Pope was within Mirandola, he one day called together his nephew and all the Captains, both of horse and foot, and told them how he wished to go and lay siege to Ferrara, before undertaking any thing else; and was desirous to have their advice in this matter, by what means the thing might most safely be conducted; for he knew that the said town was wonderful strong, well furnished with good soldiers and with ordnance, and that, unless it were deprived of provisions, it would cost him a great deal to take it. But this was the very point whereby he reckoned upon subduing the inhabitants, seeing that he possessed the means of cutting off from them the passage of the Po, that no provisions could come to

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them from above Ferrara, and that from below, the Venetians would take good care they should get none. All delivered their opinions, till one Captain Giovanni Forte, of the Seigniory of Venice, it being his turn to speak, addressed himself to the Pope and said in his language: "Most holy Father, I have heard the opinions of all the Gentlemen here present, and, as I apprehend, they conclude that, by suffering no supplies to enter Ferrara by the Po, and besieging it by the island, in pursuance of the plan you propose, the town will be reduced to a state of starvation in a few days. I know the territory, whereof the Duke of Ferrara hath much and good; abundance of provisions can come to him by *Argento*, but that might be provided against. On the other side there is a country called Il Polesino di Sto. Giorgio, which is so wealthy that, if nothing came to Ferrara from any other place, it would be able to furnish the town with provisions for a year. It will be very difficult to hinder its receiving supplies from thence without taking a town five and twenty miles from Ferrara, called la Bastia; but, were that in our power, I would engage that the town should be famished in two months, seeing how large a number of inhabitants it contains." No

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sooner had Captain Giovanni Forte finished his discourse than the Pope said: "This stronghold must be had immediately: I shall never be at rest till it is taken." So two Spanish Captains with two hundred gendarms, and this Venetian Captain with five hundred light horse, and five or six thousand foot, were appointed to the execution of the enterprise, and furnished with six pieces of heavy artillery. Being assembled they set out on their way, and reached the place without any rencounter. When the Captain who had to keep it saw so great a force he was alarmed, and not without reason. However he resolved to do his duty, and to inform the Duke his master of the situation he was in. The Pope's people made no delay, but, after having encamped, planted their artillery, and begun to storm the fortress. The Captain had secretly sent off a man to the Duke to let him know of the affair, and that if he were not succoured within four and twenty hours he should be in a desperate condition; seeing that he had not men sufficient for the defence of the place against the force by which it was assailed. The messenger made extreme haste, and arrived at Ferrara about mid-day, having performed the journey in less than six hours.

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The good Knight, as he was going out to his diversions at a certain gate, saw the messenger entering by the same, and inquired who he was; the man was brought before him, and, being asked whence he came, answered boldly: "My Lord, I come from la Bastia, which is besieged by seven or eight hundred men: the Captain sends me to tell the Duke that unless he be succoured he cannot hold out the whole of to-morrow, if so be that they make the assault." "How comes that, my friend? is the fort so weak?" "No," said the messenger; "on the contrary it is one of the best in Italy; but it contains no more than five and twenty soldiers, who are not capable of defending it against the enemy's force." "Come then, my friend, I will take you to the Duke." He and the Lord of Montoison were on their mules in the market-place, conferring together on business. They perceived the good Knight coming along with his man, and conjectured that he must be a spy. So the Lord of Montoison addressed himself to the good Knight, and said: "You had rather be dead, comrade, than not take some prize from the enemy every day; how much will this prisoner pay for his ransom?" "In troth," replied the good Knight, "he is one of

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our own people, and brings us strange news, as he will tell my Lord." Thereupon the Duke interrogated him, and then looked at the letter which the Captain of La Bastia had written to him. As he was reading every one perceived that he grew pale and changed colour. Having perused it he shrugged his shoulders, and said: "If I lose La Bastia, I may as well abandon Ferrara, and I see no means of relieving it within the term prescribed by him that holds it; for he requires aid to be sent him before to-morrow for the whole day, and that is impossible." "As how?" replied the Lord of Montoison. "Because," quoth the Duke, "the place is five and twenty miles off, and it is necessary at this time to take a road, where the men must go one by one for the space of half a mile. Moreover there is a pass, wherein, if the enemies were aware of it, twenty men might hinder ten thousand from proceeding: but I believe they wot not of it."

The good Knight without fear and without reproach, seeing the Duke so dismayed and not without cause, addressed him in the following manner: "My Lord, when a trifling matter is at stake, we may leave it in the hands of chance; but when destruction impends over our heads we should strain

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every nerve to ward it off. Our enemies are besieging La Bastia, and deem themselves in perfect security, because, the Pope's large army being here, they imagine that we should not dare quit this town, to go and make them raise the siege. I have thought of a thing which will be easily executed, and, unless fate prove extremely adverse, will procure us a great deal of credit. You have in this town four or five thousand foot, gallant fellows, well versed in the arts of war. Let us take two thousand of them, with Captain Jacob's eight hundred Swiss, and place them over night in boats upon the water. You are still masters of the Po as far as Argento. Those forces will go wait for us at the passage you speak of. If they arrive first they will take Argento, and the horse that are in this town will go by land all night. We will have good guides, and will contrive by break of day, to reach La Bastia, and there our comrades and we shall join company. Our enemies will have no suspicion of this enterprise. The pass you mention is scarce three miles from La Bastia. Before they have time to place themselves in battle array we will fall fiercely on them, and my heart forebodes that we shall conquer."

Had one given the Duke an hundred thousand

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crowns he could not have been more delighted. He replied smiling: "Upon my honour, my Lord of Bayard, nothing is impossible to you; but upon my word, if the Gentlemen here hold your counsel good, I doubt not but we shall deal with the enemy as you propose. And, for my part, I earnestly pray that they may so." Then he lifted his cap from off his head.

The Lord of Montoison, a bold and valiant Captain, made reply: "My Lord, we need no entreaties on your part, and are ready to do as you shall command; for so we were instructed by the King our master." The same said the Lord of le Lude, and Captain Fontrailles, both fully resolved to do their duty. They sent for the Captains of the foot, and informed them of the scheme, whereat they were transported with joy. The Duke secretly caused a number of barks to be prepared, without making any noise about it; for there were people in the town much inclined to the Pope's interest. The barks being ready, the infantry, who were good and sure sailors, entered thereinto about evening.

The cavalry, whom the Duke accompanied in person, set out upon their way in the beginning of the night. Having good guides, they were

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securely conducted, maugre the bad weather, and sped so well that, half an hour before daybreak, the said troops reached the pass, where, to their infinite satisfaction, they met with no impediment. In less than half an hour the barks arrived containing the footsoldiers, who got out and quietly proceeded to that dangerous passage, a little bridge, over which but one gendarm could pass at a time. The same was on a very deep canal between the Po and La Bastia. They spent a full hour in passing, so that it grew broad daylight, which the Duke ill liked, and hearing no sound of the firing of artillery feared that his place was lost. But, as he conversed with the French Captains, three reports struck his ear at once; whereby he and all the fair and noble company were greatly heartened. They were then not more than a mile from the enemy.

Thereupon the good Knight spoke thus: "Gentlemen, I have always heard it said that he who makes no account of his enemy is a madman. We are hard upon ours, and they are three to one against us. If they knew of our enterprise we should doubtless have plenty of trouble with them: for they have artillery, and we none. Moreover I have heard that they before La Bastia

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are the flower of the Pope's army; we must take them unprepared, as we can. I am of opinion that the Bastard du Fay, my Standardbearer, who is a man skilled in such matters, should go with fifteen or twenty horse in that direction by which the enemy came, and give them the alarm. Captain Pierrepont shall accompany him at the distance of a bow-shot with an hundred gendarms, by way of convoy, in case he should be repulsed. And we will give him Captain Jacob Zemberc with his Swiss. You, my Lord," said he to the Duke, "my Lord of Montoison, the Gentlemen my companions, and myself, will go straight to the leaguer, whither I will proceed first to raise the alarm. If Du Fay have done that beforehand, and they all crowd thither, we will inclose them between him and us. If our alarm be first given, Captain Pierrepont and his band of Swiss shall do the same on their side. This will astound them so much that they will not know what to do, and will imagine us three times as numerous as we really are. Above all let every one of our trumpets sound to the approach."

Never was any thing more approved; for be it known to the readers of this history that the good Knight was a very register of battles; so that on

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account of his great experience every one deferred to his opinion. Let us now come to the point. The two detachments moved off, one taking the road by which the enemy had come, as had been appointed, the other proceeding straight to the fortress, which they got within cannon-shot of, without being perceived by any. Du Fay then raised the alarm sharply and vigorously, which dismayed them of the camp in a high degree; however they began to arm, to mount their horses, and repair to the place where the alarm had been given. Their foot arranged themselves in order, and, had they once closed in combat, the conflict would have been dangerous and deadly to the Ferrarese, by reason of their great numbers: but two misfortunes befell them both at once. When they who went to repel Du Fay were two hundred paces off they met Captain Pierrepont, who fiercely assaulted them, and beat them at a great rate. The Swiss beginning to march were encountered by their infantry, who were ranged in order of battle, and very numerous, being from five to six thousand. Wherefore the said Swiss were rudely repulsed, and would have been routed, had they not received assistance from the cavalry, who fell upon

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the enemy's flanks. Meantime there arrived the Duke, the Lords of Montoison, of le Lude, of Fontrailles, and the good Knight, with their horse and two thousand foot, who attacked their adversaries in the rear, so that they were all dismounted. Captain Fontrailles and the good Knight spied a troop of horse, three or four hundred in number, who seemed disposed to rally. So they called their ensigns, turned in that direction, crying: "France! France! Duke! Duke!" and charged them in such a manner that great part of them were thrown upon the ground.

The enemy fought for a full hour, but at length lost the field; all escaped that could, but those were not very many. The Duke and the French made a terrible slaughter of them; more than four or five thousand foot and sixty horse being killed, and above three hundred horses taken, along with the whole of their baggage and artillery. So that there was not a Frenchman of them all but found some difficulty in carrying away his booty. Why the chroniclers and historians have not spoken after another fashion from what they have of this noble battle of La Bastia I am unable to divine; seeing that one better contested, or with more hazard, had not taken place for an hundred

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years before. Be that as it may, this engagement was necessary to prevent the ruin of the Duke and the French, who returned gloriously and triumphantly into the town, where every one bestowed on them the highest applause. Above all persons the good Dutchess, who was the pearl of the world, gave them a singularly good reception; entertaining them with marvellous fine feasts and banquets every day in the Italian fashion. I will venture to affirm that neither in her own times, nor in those farther back, hath there been found a more glorious Princess; for she was beautiful and good, mild, and courteous to all sorts of people. She spoke Italian, Greek, French, and Spanish, with a little very good Latin, and composed in all these different languages. Certain it is, that, although her husband was a wise and valiant Prince, this Lady, by her amiable qualities, caused great and good services to be done him.

END OF VOL. I.

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